The Outlook

JUNE 15, 1921

FLOOD-SWEPT PUEBLO

ALTHOUGH the loss of life in the terrible disaster that has befallen Pueblo in Colorado is less appalling than first accounts indicated, it is certain that many scores of lives have been lost. It was reported on June 7, four days after the first cloudburst which deluged considerable sections of Colorado, that only about eighty bodies had been actually recovered; but the conditions of devastation and desolation are such that it has been extremely difficult to examine the vicinity carefully, and it is believed that the number will be seriously increased. The first estimates of the number of deaths ran as high as a thousand; this, on the other hand, is undoubtedly an exaggeration. In the one point of the extent of fatalities, therefore, the Colorado disaster is insignificant compared with the most terrible calamity of this kind known in American history—that at Johnstown in 1889, when over two thousand lives were lost. On the other hand, the number of homeless, temporarily destitute, and in many cases sick persons whose needs demanded instant attention the Colorado flood has given rise to indescribable wretchedness and suffering. For a time it was believed that Denver was in great danger from flood, but, although its streets in the lower part were covered with water, the reports as we write are that the warning has come in time, and that the damage from the South Platte River may be confined to the loss of property.

The damage and destruction of life and property were not confined to the city of Pueblo alone. Cloudburst after cloudburst broke over the watersheds of the Arkansas River and other streams. In the repetition of these attacks by nature the disaster is, we think, unique. At least half a dozen towns were flooded, and in each the floods destroyed property and in some cases life, while ensuing fires added to the distress. In a statement from Governor Shoup, of Colorado, to Washington, he declared that the sum of twenty million dollars was needed at once and urged that the Government emergency fund should be applied to the construction of twenty-five large steel and concrete bridges in the valley of the Arkansas and its tributaries. The Governor also called upon the people of Colorado to contribute to the pressing need of the flood sufferers.

Descriptions of the desolation wrought by the elements indicate a scene of almost unbelievable damage and wretchedness. In Pueblo alone the damage in the flood area stretches over a section thirty blocks long and twelve blocks wide, and the financial damage may be as high as fifteen million dollars. The correspondents describe that area as an appalling spectacle of ruin marked everywhere by "charred and crumbling wreckage in a maze of slime-covered streets."

The physical conformation of the gorges, deep river valleys, and steep grades in this part of Colorado makes the prevention of such ruin from mountain torrents, swollen by cloudbursts and swelled by tributaries bursting over their flooded banks, an engineering problem extremely difficult of solution. In the case of the Johnstown flood the danger centered in one great dam which was too weak to restrain the pent-up waters; there the danger should have been foreseen, and the repetition of the disaster was not at all beyond the reach of modern constructive science. In the terrible floods of 1913 at and about Dayton, Ohio, Governmental engineering ability saw a warning that extensive reservoirs and strengthening of river banks should prevent a parallel calamity in the future. What, if anything, can be done to cope with such frightful outbursts of nature as those in Colorado is a question not easily solved offhand, but certainly one calling for the most thorough investigation and use of scientific reasoning.

One lesson of the disaster is that it has brought home to the consciousness of the American people the absolute necessity of maintenance of the Red Cross as a National resource in time of calamity. Thoughtless people sometimes question the necessity of the Red Cross in time of peace; here in Colorado, as beforetime in San Francisco and in other great calamities, the readiness of the American Red Cross organization to apply its organized effort instantly for humanity has been splendidly exemplified.

The sympathy of the whole people of the United States has gone out to the sufferers in Colorado. If demand is made upon the American people to send National aid and to rally to the support of the relief agencies already working, it cannot be doubted that, as always, their response will be prompt and generous.

THEY WHO GO OVER THE SEA FOR US

LESS than a year ago the fishing schooner Esperanto carried the American flag to victory in the international race off Halifax. Now she lies at the bottom of the Atlantic, one more witness to the dangers that daily confront the men who go over the sea that land-dwellers may eat of the harvest of the deep. The Esperanto foundered after striking a submerged wreck. Less than twenty minutes after striking, her hold was flooded and her captain forced to order her abandoned. The crew took to their dories in a heavy breeze. In three hours they were picked up by another schooner and carried into Halifax. Captain Benham, of the Esperanto, telegraphed to Gloucester, reporting the sinking of his schooner and the rescue of his crew. He concluded his telegram with the words, "Any chance for a new vessel to start all over again?" Back to Halifax from the owners of the schooner came the message, "Yes, will have another vessel for you." So runs the day's work of them that go down to the sea in ships.

There will be no Esperanto to contend for the honor of defending the International Fisherman's Trophy this coming fall. But there will be men and schooners out of Gloucester and Boston a-plenty for the task. There is talk that the new schooners which have been built for the race are not wholly fitted to labor year in and year out on the Fishing Banks. We hope and believe that if this is so they will be rigidly excluded from the coming race. The present deed of gift of the trophy requires that contenders shall have spent at least one season actively fishing. Perhaps it would be better if this requirement were raised to two or three years on the Banks. This would make certain the elimination of all vessels whose construction infringed upon the spirit of the most vital sailing race which has been conducted in recent years.

In this connection it may be added that it seems probable at the present writing that the cup offered by the King of the Belgians for a yacht race across the Atlantic will not be contested for this year. Not even the minimum requirement of three entrants has been

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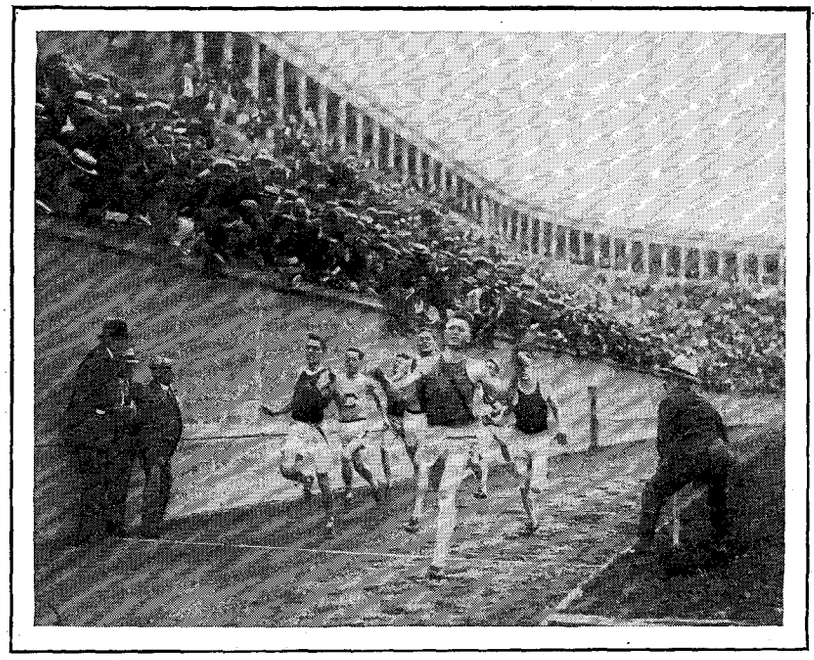

International

O. O. HENDRICKSON, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, WINNING THE 440-YARD DASH

Maxam, of Pennsylvania, finished second, and Stephenson, of Princeton, third

met, a fact which is probably due to the recent business depression. A trans-atlantic yacht race is a sporting event of the highest type, but it is also an event which entails costly expense.

AND OUR WOMEN ALSO

THE American men who set sail for England to take part in the British amateur golf championship at Hoylake fell by the wayside, as readers of The Outlook know, very early in the contest. A like fate met the American women who journeyed overseas to Turnberry in search of a similar golfing honor. Miss Alexa Stirling went out of the tournament in the first round before the redoubtable prowess of the British title-holder, Miss Cecil Leitch, now again acclaimed as the British champion. Miss Stirling's team-mates soon followed her example, thus leaving another trophy for John and Mrs. Bull to take comfort in during the coming year.

Across the Channel another American sportswoman, Mrs. Mallory, perhaps better known as Molla Bjurstedt, went down before the racquet of the agile Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen in the final round of the Women's World Hard Court Tennis Championship. Mrs. Mallory was beaten in straight sets 6–2, 6–3.

THE WEST WINS

THE Harvard Stadium witnessed this year the triumph of a Western team, that of the University of California, in the National intercollegiate track and field meets. The University of California, however, beat its host by a bare one-half point, a surprisingly creditable showing for Harvard, for her track team had not been conceded even an outside chance for victory. There was a dramatic finish to the meet, for upon the division of points in the final race, an event in which no Harvard man was entered, depended the decision between Harvard and California. The colleges and universities which entered the meet finished in accordance with the following order of rank; California, Harvard, Dartmouth, University of Pennsylvania, Leland Stanford University, Princeton, Cornell and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Pennsylvania State, Yale, Lafayette, Syracuse, Georgetown, Rutgers, Holy Cross, Columbia, and Bowdoin.

ASSASSINS AND ACCOMPLICES

IT is gratifying to know that German courts and the German people are unwilling to brand as a murderer the Armenian student who killed the greatest assassin of modern times, Talaat Pasha. The sentiment of the world, apart from legal technicalities, would revolt at the execution for murder of this young student, burning with indignation at the wholesale murder of his race and led on by the illusion of a dead mother, herself a victim of the Armenian massacres, who, he declared, appeared to him in a dream.

Yet, in a sense, German sympathy with Salamon Teilirian is like the sympathy extended by one accomplice to a murder for a victim who has fallen at the hand of the other accomplice. It is well that Germans should through the publicity of this trial come to understand how hideously callous was the part played by Germany in regard to the Armenian massacres. Even before Germany became Turkey's ally she was well informed of the extent of the villainy of Talaat Pasha and his accomplices. Yet Germany eagerly embraced an alliance with Talaat and his fellow-assassins although German subjects of high repute called the attention of the German Government to the matter. Mr. Morgenthau, then American Ambassador to Constantinople, tells the story fully. Not a sign of human sympathy came from Germany. She was solely concerned with making friends and allies with the murderers. Germany has a large share of responsibility for the deaths of hundreds of thousands of Armenians.

The testimony given at this trial by Professor Lepsius must have been humiliating to all who attempt to uphold German conduct in this matter. This German subject went to Constantinople, investigated the Armenian slaughter, conferred with the American Ambassador, and sent in a report. It was suppressed in Berlin; the German newspapers were forbidden even to refer to the matter; while Professor Lepsius was deposed from his place as a member of the German Mission to the Orient. In his testimony the other day Professor Lepsius declared that the refusal of the German Ambassador at Constantinople to interfere to prevent the slaughter caused the loss of a million lives of Armenian men, women, and children, although, to the credit of German citizens in the East, many of them individually aided nobly in saving Armenian lives.

The cold-blooded policy of the dominant military element in Germany was directly responsible for this blot on German honor. As if to make that clear, General von Sanders, who was the military representative of Germany in Constantinople at the time, had the audacity to defend Germany's refusal to act in the matter on the ground that German troops did not take an active part in the murders. A cause to be defended on such grounds is weak indeed.

Not only the result of the trial of Teilirian, but the military trials now going on in Leipsic of men and officers charged with atrocious acts during the war may at least serve to enlighten Germans' knowledge of what was done in their name during the war. So far, pretense of complying with the requirements of the Versailles Treaty as to trying those responsible for military and naval crimes has fallen far short of being adequate. Two inferior officers have been found guilty of ill treating prisoners and have received absurdly short terms of imprisonment. The most important case tried has been that of a

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ONE BUSINESS DOES COMMAND US ALL

(Timon of Athens, III, 4)

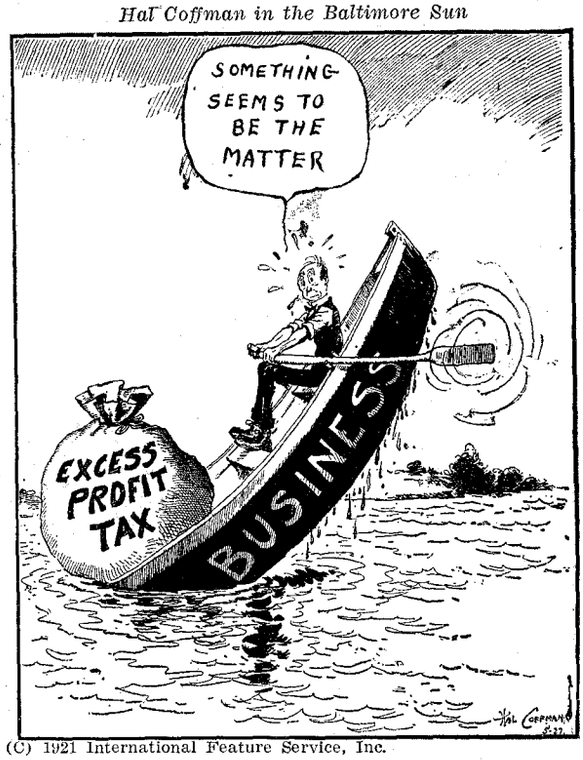
CARTOONS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

Morris in the Fort Wayne Evening Press

WHY NOT?

From S. E., Monroeville, Ind.

Hal Coffman in the Baltimore Sun



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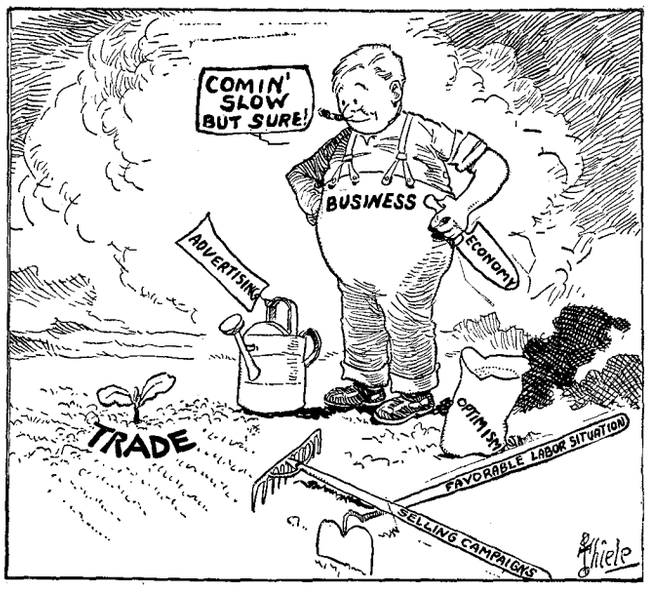
A LOAD THAT OUGHT TO BE LIFTED, NOT SHIFTED

From Miss J. C. Tyler, Winchester, Va.

Thiele in the Sioux City Tribune



WELL CULTIVATED! NOW FOR SUNSHINE!

Perry in the Portland Oregonian

PRETTY WORK!

From S. McClaim, Portland, Oregon

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naval officer charged with sinking English hospital ships. The result is one that the Allies should not pass by without protest. The officer was acquitted on the sole ground that what he did was done under orders from his superiors! It is admitted that hospital ships were sunk. It is admitted also, and brazenly, that this was done by orders of the German Government. In defense the old allegation is made that the hospital ships had violated international law by carrying munitions or supplies. So far as we have seen, no evidence was given to this effect. It is unbelievable that this accusation by Germany will be allowed to go without contradiction. Germany has assumed the responsibility; let Germany prove her charges or else hand over for trial those who are really responsible for the atrocity.

A STIMULUS TO PUBLIC SERVICE

THERE can be no doubt that the motive of Mr. Edward W. Bok in offering an annual prize of ten thousand dollars to that citizen of Philadelphia who has in any given year done for that city an act of service "best calculated to advance the largest interests of Philadelphia" is in itself an instance of municipal patriotism and civic pride. It is a coincidence that just before this announcement there was awarded to Mr. Bok the Pulitzer prize of one thousand dollars for the best American biography of the year that teaches patriotism and unselfish services to the people. We have already commented at some length on the nature and attractiveness of Mr. Bok's book thus honored. It is called "The Americanization of Edward Bok;" its spirit is fine and thoroughly sincere, and it is highly readable.

The Philadelphia prize is almost, or quite, unique. It may be compared to the Nobel Prizes and perhaps to some minor Americanization awards, but, so far as we know, it has no exact parallel. It may be that some difficulty will be found in determining what kind or class of service would exactly come within the definition of the offer—we understand that official political effort would not be included—and it may also be a little difficult to define the phrases "best calculated" and "largest interests." But an excellent alternative has been provided for the disposition of the prize money in case the committee do not see their way to carry out the exact primary purpose of the donor in a given year. In that case the money for that year will be devoted to free scholarships for boys and girls of the city and vicinity. In this alternative there is another thoroughly commendable plan for improving character and citizenship. In both the spirit of Benjamin Franklin is finely exemplified.

IMPRESSIONISTS AND POST-IMPRESSIONISTS

No student of contemporary art who is in New York City this summer should miss seeing the loan exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum. It will last until the middle of September. It consists of pictures belonging to private collectors and not ordinarily accessible to the public. All the pictures are "impressionist" or "post-impressionist" and

Keystone

EDWARD W. BOK

form a valuable and suggestive historical survey.

In 1860 the French painter Claude Monet sent to the Paris Salon a landscape called "Impressions." It was conceived according to a new technique. It emphasized the color imparted to objects by the reflections from the sky and the enveloping atmosphere. The canvas revealed a host of subtle variations of atmospheric light instead of fixed colors. From the title of the picture which first introduced the new technique to the public view Monet became known as an "impressionist," and so did the other painters of sunlight who imitated him.

In the present exhibition there are half a dozen examples each of Monet's work and of that of his contemporaries, Manet and Pissaro. The pictures of these and other masters of the period occupy the long wall to the left of the entrance to the gallery.

Upon the opposite wall are examples of the work of the "post-impressionists." The difference between their period and the preceding is seen in the struggle to express the inner significance of material objects. The greatest name among the "post-impressionists" is doubtless that of Cézanne. The display of no less than twenty-three of his pictures (portraits, landscapes, figure-pieces, examples of still life) constitutes the main feature of the exhibition. After Cézanne stands the less normal, more nervous and dramatic Dutch painter, Vincent van Gogh. Then comes the calmer but more primitive Gauguin with his perversely savage subject-matter.

The exhibition is the most widely representative of any show of the kind yet seen in this country. A group of pictures from the exhibit are reproduced elsewhere in this issue.

THE LESSON OF TULSA

ON the night of June 1 a newspaper despatch from Tulsa, Oklahoma, said: "The hospitals of Tulsa are filled with wounded and dying men tonight and the morgues are crowded with dead after twenty-four hours of rioting between white men and Negroes."

On the same day a woman stenographer in a Tulsa office wrote this moving letter to the editors of The Outlook:

> To-day Tulsa is torn by a civil battle between the white and black races which is sickening to all right-minded, thinking people of this city. All of little Africa is burning; many people, both white and black, lie dead and wounded.
>
> The cause of the trouble is the usual one. A young Negro is accused of attempting to attack a little elevator girl. He claims he intended no wrong, but of course his story has no chance of recognition.
>
> I am a stenographer in a downtown office, and just now a large company of Negroes were marched through the street past my window, under the protection of white soldiers. They are taking them to the ball park, where they will be under protection. They are homeless, most of them innocent of any wrong-doing or even wrong thinking, helpless, dumbly wondering why this thing should be.
>
> The whites here are much more to be blamed than the Negroes. It is largely an element of hoodlum white boys, craving excitement, and looking for any opportunity to start a race riot.
>
> How long are such outrages going to be allowed? Cannot America find some means of preventing such terrible occurrences? The Negroes are with us here in America, though they did not ask to be brought here. There is wrong on both sides, but in some manner law and order must be maintained.

What caused the rioting, shooting, and burning that left in Tulsa a wake of deaths (at least thirty persons were killed), widespread suffering and destitution, thousands of homeless people, acres of smoldering ruins, a money loss

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International

"FATHER D. C." (MEANING DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA) SHOWING WASHINGTON CHILDREN HOW TO KEEP THE PARKS CLEAN

Alton Bishop, as "Father D. C.," is giving a demonstration to the children of Washington as to the right way to keep the parks clean. This event was a feature of the inauguration of the American Forestry Association's Forest Protection Week at Rock Creek Park

of perhaps a million dollars? Superficially, the answer might be that it was a strange misunderstanding of facts. General Barrett, in command of the State Militia, is quoted in the papers as saying that the riot was caused by "an impudent Negro, a hysterical girl, and a yellow journal reporter." Again superficially, it may be said that this horror was caused by the misuse of a word; it was reported that a white girl had been "assaulted" by a colored man; the fact was, it now appears, that a bootblack stepped on an elevator girl's foot, that she slapped him, and he grasped her by the throat.

But the real causes lie deeper. Americans take the observance of law and order for granted. Civilization, they assume, has reached a stage where force is not needed. Then, under some comparatively slight provocation, the wild-beast element in society leaps up, the peace officers are unready, and we have the race riots of Washington, Omaha, East St. Louis, Chicago, and Tulsa. Especially is this true when race feeling is involved. Race aversion (from which few of us are free) easily becomes race prejudice; race prejudice is quickly fanned into race hatred; race hatred among the ignorant and violent elements, black and white, may at any moment blaze into race war.

The following account comes to The Outlook from a well-informed Western correspondent upon our telegraphic request:

> Tulsa, the scene of the recent rioting, is an Oklahoma oil city of mushroom growth. It has a population of seventy-three thousand, of whom perhaps eight thousand are Negroes. The Negroes are employed chiefly in forms of service not sought by the whites. The men are porters, barbers, bootblacks, day laborers; the women cooks, charwomen, laundresses. There has been no industrial race friction.
>
> The industrial depression had brought an unusual number of idle men from the oil fields to Tulsa. A few gathered at the Court-House where the Negro was confined. The sheriff ordered them away, but did not enforce his order. An altercation followed. Word spread that a lynching was contemplated. Several armed Negroes appeared. A Negro peace officer appealed to them to disperse, assuring them the prisoner would be protected. Most of them started away, but leaders called them back. Whites and blacks continued to gather. The police did nothing. Then a shot was fired and a white man fell.
>
> This was the beginning of a series of battles between rapidly growing mobs of whites and blacks, which the small police force was unable to control. The fighting lasted into the morning. It resulted in the death of nine white men and more than twenty Negroes and in the wanton burning of the Negro residence district, leaving thousands of innocent persons homeless. Tulsa was impotent, but the Government of Oklahoma functioned promptly. By early morning the State was pouring National Guardsmen into the city. Governor Robertson proclaimed martial law, and the rioting abruptly ended. A citizens' committee with the local Red Cross unit at once took the situation in hand and organized relief work. Tulsa is a wealthy community. It cannot spare its Negro workers. At the present writing plans are under way to raise a fund to rebuild the houses destroyed.

What is the significance of this tragedy for the rest of the Nation? Tulsa is not essentially different from any American city in which there is a considerable Negro element. Contemplating the dark episode, almost any other city might echo the humble thanksgiving, "But for the grace of God there goes John Bunyan." So long as race feeling exists there is danger of such outbursts. Deprecate it all we please, the foundations of order are secured through effective police backed by a firm demand for law and order by all decent citizens and helped by the earnest desire of white and colored people to draw together in just and friendly civic relations and to abstain from forcing the questions of social relations to the front. Potentially disorderly elements are restrained by fear of the instruments by which society defends itself. Prompt and energetic action on the part of the peace officers at the first sign of trouble in Tulsa that Tuesday night would have prevented the riots. Governor Robertson, who arrived in the city soon after the disturbances were over, expressed a general opinion when he called the affair "damnable and inexcusable" and blamed the ineptitude of the officers responsible for maintaining order. At the outset a few well-directed policemen could have dispersed the trouble-makers at the Court-House. Once the mob spirit was aroused and armed crowds had gathered, the situation was out of control until the display of overwhelming force by several hundred determined Guardsmen.

In the long run civilization must depend on the education, tolerance, and intelligence of the mass of the people. But, as the experience of Tulsa and so many other cities shows, police forces cannot be demoralized by politics or by neglect except at risk of disaster.

WHAT MAKES THE WILD WOODS WILD

THE mental makeup of men and women who scatter papers along the highroads, who trample down growing crops, who break down farmers' fences, and who are responsible for surrounding our woodland streams with a beadwork of tomato cans is quite easy to understand. Such people are merely primitive individualists. They have not yet advanced in civilization to a point where they can visualize the property rights of others. They scatter their trash broadcast through the land because they have not imagination enough to see how such action can rebound to

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their own hurt. There are many who are neither homeless nor landless themselves who can still act and live, so far as the rights of others are concerned, as though they were a race of nomads wandering across a trackless desert of swiftly cleansing sand. Their mental processes are as obvious as the trail they leave behind them in the landscape. We can understand them, but we do not like them.

There is another group of wayfarers which, though allied closely to the first, we both dislike and cannot understand. This is the group which not only scatters refuse over private lands, but also leaves a trail which he who runs may read over the land belonging to cities, States, and the Nation. A public park, whether it be but a triangle of grass at the intersection of three village streets, or a rolling meadow land set down in the heart of a great city, or a Forest Reserve of a hundred thousand acres of the National domain, is property to which each and every one of us has an inalienable right. To scatter trash over a bit of green in the heart of a city or to slash off the top of a pine tree in a National park is to damage part of the common land to which every citizen is heir. We can understand how a man can disregard the rights of a neighbor, but it is not so easy to understand how a man can destroy the beauty of land which is his own and his children's. If we are to continue to build parks in our cities and set aside wildernesses for our recreation, we must also build up, in the mind and heart of every citizen, a spirit of jealousy for the beauty of these green places. Perhaps the present generation of Americans is already past the cure, but there is another generation of citizens in the making, and, if we are wise, we will do for them what the Forestry Association has been doing in the city of Washington. If we catch Young America young enough, our parks of to-morrow may be as pop-bottleless as the beech-shaded sward of Hampstead Heath.

HOUSES THAT CAN STAND STUDY NEED HAVE NO FEAR OF DIVISION

THE announcement of The Outlook's third contest has called forth an indignant letter signed W. and W. F. A. which concludes: "If there is not a deluge of protests from other members of your family, it will be to us a most sinister and depressing sign of the weakness of present-day home and community life. If we are absolutely alone in our protest, we feel that it should be made and have confidence that you will give it fair consideration."

The protest has been as conspicuous by its singularity as a gold dollar in a Soviet treasury; but perhaps this neither indicates that our subscribers are alone in their feeling or that community and family life are bound for the dogs.

The reason for our subscribers' protest is to be found in the following quotation from their letter:

"To invite complaints by children of their parents, etc., etc., may be worthy of a Hearst publication, but that The Outlook should open such a door is *almost unbelievable*.

"Is there to be no such thing as reticence? Is there nothing too sacred to put into print? What about loyalty? 'Be objective.' Well, we certainly object!! 'You don't have to be bitter.' That phrase alone exposes the danger of this proposition."

To all of which we cry in the language of the court-room, "Exception," and leave it to our readers, as judges, to determine whether or not we should be overruled.

There is no household or community in the land which cannot study itself or its surroundings to advantage. There are few households and communities which do not at times study themselves and their surroundings in a way which reacts seriously to their disadvantage. Malicious gossip and unfounded rumors disport themselves through neighborhoods with a rapidity which affords a modern instance of the process which Chaucer describes in his "Hous of Fame." Individual members of households brood over dark imaginings which need only a frank explanation and wholesome laughter for their speedy dissipation.

Parents, lay not the flattering unction to your souls that your children invariably regard you as the fountain-head of all wisdom. Their questioning may come first only in such simple form as, "Well, Jimmy's father lets him sit up till half-past seven." Later on, and not so much later at that, it may appear in the unspoken thought, "If I ever have any children, I won't do so and so."

The subject of The Outlook's contest was selected with no thought or fear that it would serve to divide households or communities against themselves by bringing into the light the reasons for such questioning.

The subject of the contest was chosen because it seemed to us to afford a chance for personal and community stock-taking, which would be of value not only to the stock-takers, but to those who would later share in their endeavors. We said, "You don't have to be bitter," because bitterness has no place in an inventory. We said, "Be objective," because we wanted our contest letter writers to analyze squarely their relationships and not to moon over them.

The highest form of loyalty is understanding loyalty, and the deepest love does not need to be blind to endure.

MORE NEW MANAGERS IN THE BUSINESS OF GOVERNMENT

ON June 2 President Harding walked from the White House to the Inter-State Commerce Commission's Building, not far way. Unannounced, he appeared before the Commissioners personally to urge upon them the necessity of revising railway rates. This, we think, is the first time that a President has ever taken such a direct initiative with the Commission.

The event calls particular attention to the Commission and, in especial, to the new Commissioners. Among them, the most notable is John Jacob Esch, of Wisconsin. All Americans, we believe, without distinction of party, were gratified at his appointment. He has seen long and distinguished service in Congress—indeed, he has been in every Congress since and including the Fifty-sixth. He is fifty-nine years old, was born in Wisconsin, is a graduate of the University of that State and its Law School, and practiced law at La Crosse. In Congress Mr. Esch's position as Chairman of the House Inter-State Commerce Committee gave great force to that Committee's policy in the framing of the Transportation Act of 1920. It seems strange that so efficient a statesman should have been retired by his constituents. Yet that is what organized labor did, backed up by the Wisconsin pro-Germans, who resented Mr. Esch's patriotic attitude during the war. Some voters also resented Mr. Esch's votes for the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law.

Another appointee to the Inter-State Commerce Commission is J. B. Campbell, of Spokane, Washington. He is a traffic lawyer, and for years has represented various Western organizations before the Commission, particularly the Spokane Merchants' Association. He

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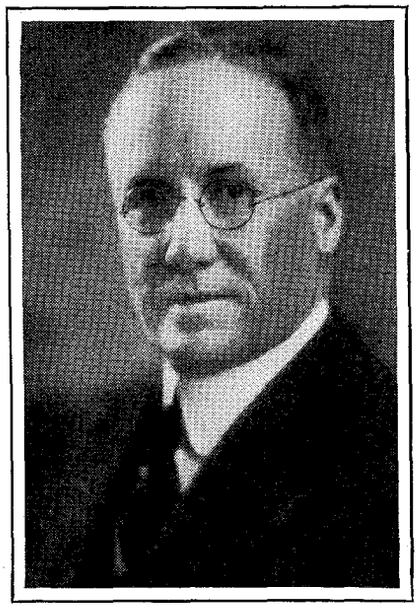
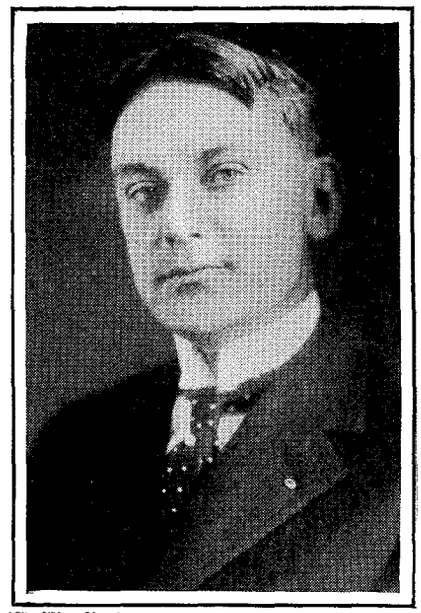


Paul Thompson
DAVID H. BLAIR, COMMISSIONER OF INTERNAL REVENUE

(C) Clinedinst
ROBERT H. LOVETT, ASSISTANT ATTORNEY-GENERAL



(C) Clinedinst
COLONEL EDWARD CLIFFORD, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

has been a leading spokesman for the rigid long-and-short-haul advocates. It will be interesting to follow his further efforts in this direction now that he is a member of the Commission.

Another appointee to the Commission is Ernest I. Lewis, of Indianapolis. Mr. Lewis's early training and experience was that of a newspaper man. Four years ago Governor Goodrich, of Indiana, appointed him Chairman of the State Public Service Commission. As such he has had contact with the Indianapolis railways and more or less with the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

The latest Assistant Secretary of the Treasury is Colonel Edward Clifford, of Chicago. He is an investment banker. During the early part of the war he was in Washington as a "dollar a year man," serving as a bond expert in the Treasury Department in connection with the Liberty Loans. Later he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel in the Quartermaster Corps and made a member of the War Credit Board. He went overseas in the Finance Service, and later was with our Army of Occupation in Germany. Returning here, he spent a year in the organization work of the American Legion. His training in the law, in finance, and his close contact with actual army conditions should fit him to work out effectively, and with justice to all, the peace-time problems that have arisen and will arise in the relations between the Federal Government and the ex-service men. And it is to this particular task that Secretary Mellon has called him. Under Colonel Clifford's immediate direction there will be a coordination of all activities in the behalf of ex-service men. He will be the Director-General of this work, and will doubtless advance the recommendations of the committee, headed by General Dawes, which recently investigated all the activities in behalf of the ex-service men. The committee's recommendation was that the activities should be centralized under one head.

The new Director of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance also deserves mention. He is Colonel Charles R. Forbes, of Seattle. He saw active service overseas as the commanding officer of a regiment of infantry. He has lived for many years on the Pacific coast. Now that Secretary Mellon has transferred to the Bureau a portion of the Public Health Service, Colonel Forbes's position has increased in importance.

Another new Administration officer is Frank White, the new Treasurer of the United States. Colonel White has been a resident of North Dakota for many years. During sixteen of them he was a farmer. In his home town of Valley City he has been in the insurance business and also at the head of a leading bank. He has been active in all civic affairs. In the Spanish-American War he was a major of infantry. Upon his return he was elected Governor of the State. In the recent war he went to France as colonel of the Second North Dakota Regiment. Later he did an important duty for the entire S. O. S., being given charge of returns, reclamation, and service, in negotiations with the French Government for properties, for camps, bases, and other large undertakings.

(C) Harris & Ewing
FRANK WHITE, TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES

Probably the most talked-of appointment has been that of David H. Blair, of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, the new Commissioner of Internal Revenue. He is well known in the South as a lawyer and successful business man. He has never before held a political office. He brings to the duties of the Commissionership a fine experience, for he has prospered in the conduct of his own affairs. In association with the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Blair will probably have as one of his own important appointments that of the Prohibition Commissioner, although he may not have jurisdiction over that officer and his big Bureau, as the Administration has indicated its desire to transfer the Bureau to the Department of Justice, where, indeed, it would quite naturally seem to belong.

Another much-talked-of person is John R. Tigert, nominated to succeed Dr. P. P. Claxton as United States Commissioner of Education. Mr. Tigert is a Kentucky man of fine native ability and good culture. As a Rhodes Scholar he has been connected with higher education in the State of Kentucky. We do not know of any experience which he has had in the public schools.

In Washington, among people who have done good work in Federal undertakings, the appointment of William W. Husband, of Vermont, as Commissioner of Immigration is regarded as an opportunity given to a man specially equipped for the duties of his office. Mr. Husband enters upon his work with a broad knowledge of the whole subject of immigration and with that essential human sympathy which this type of work re-

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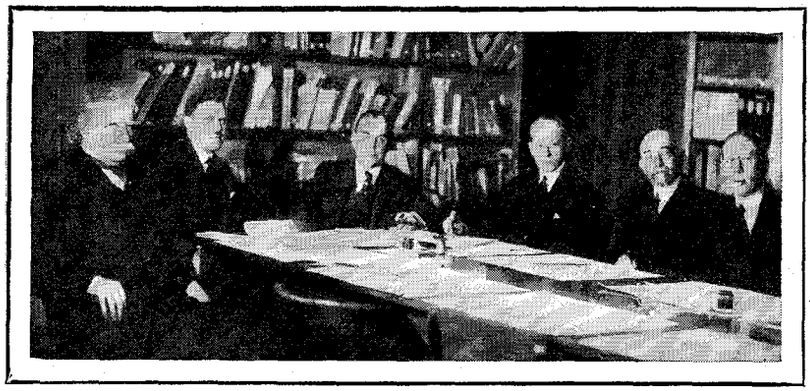

(C) Clinedinst

THE MEN WHO WILL REAPPORTION THE FOREIGN POPULATION IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE JOHNSON IMMIGRATION BILL

Left to right: Ethelbert Stewart, U. S. Commissioner of Labor Statistics; Harry A. McBride, Chief of the Visé Section, Dept. of State; W. W. Husband, Commissioner-General of Immigration; Lawrence Martin, Division of Western European Affairs, Dept. of State; Joseph A. Hill, Chief Statistician for Revision and Results, Bureau of Census; William C. Hunt, Chief Statistician for Population, Bureau of Census

quires. Before the Department of Labor was created and before the office of Commissioner of Immigration existed Congress created a special Immigration Committee to study the subject. Mr. Husband served as secretary to this Commission. The hearings and much research as well were incorporated in a report of some thirty or forty volumes. A year or so before the war the Department of Labor sent Mr. Husband abroad to study the sources of immigration, particularly in the ports of Russia. His report of that study is recognized as an important and authoritative contribution to the general subject. With this background, it is not to be wondered at that his appointment should call forth general expressions of approval from all those interested in the perplexing problem of immigration. This selection certainly surprised the politicians.

AMERICA IN CAMP AND COUNCIL[1]

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE, EDITOR OF "LE MATIN"

I

IS Coblenz a German town or an American city?

As for me, when I was there lately, there was no doubt whatever it was an American city. In the streets I met none but American boys in khaki; I saw only English inscriptions; I heard only English spoken; I came across nothing but gray automobiles circulating with the same order and the same discipline as on Fifth Avenue. Above all, and from every street corner of the town, I could see on the other side of the Rhine the flag of the Stars and Stripes waving proudly over the legendary fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. . . .

But Coblenz is not only a town that America will have marked with her stamp for many years to come, but it also is the town where the *entente* between the four Allies—America, France, England, Belgium—will have been the most frank and the most perfect.

When I called on Mr. Paul Tirard, who is the French Commissioner and President of the High Interallied Commission, he said, laughing:

"You know, this is an Interallied Commission of a particular kind; every one always agrees in it and no one ever raises a dispute therein. This is probably due to the presence of Americans and of General Allen. General Allen is not only a great soldier, but he is also a great administrator and a great diplomat. With him all is easy, everything is clear, and all is simple. It is not only elbow to elbow but heart to heart that we are working here together. Besides, in the entire Rhineland uniformity of measures exists. There is not, according to the sector occupied, a French system, an American system, a Belgian system, an English system; there is one unique Interallied system which we apply in perfect agreement and in the same spirit. And this is mostly due to General Allen. Go and see him."

GENERAL ALLEN, COMMANDER OF THE AMERICAN FORCES IN GERMANY, THE FRENCH, AND THE GERMANS THEMSELVES WANT THE AMERICAN ARMY TO STAY IN GERMANY

I called on General Allen, who received me in his cabinet, whose windows overlook the Rhine and from which one can see the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein crowned with a large American flag.

General **Allen naturally told me just** as many nice things about Mr. Tirard as the latter had told me about General Allen.

"I was," he said, "beside Mr. Tirard the other day when he was publicly receiving the official delegations of the Rhineland, and I can certify that the complaints of the representatives of the German occupied districts dealt only with trifles, such as the billeting of the officers and upon certain restrictions regarding the freedom of the press, while the language used by the French Commissioner was full of equity, kindness, and common sense.

"I can likewise certify that all the tales spread both abroad and in America regarding the excesses supposed to have been committed by the French or the Allied troops on the Rhine are but pure inventions and lies. Each time a complaint is made to us by the German delegate, Herr von Stark, we make a rapid and impartial investigation. Up to now we have found only thirteen cases in which the complaint was based upon fact, and each time we punished the culprits most severely. But what are thirteen complaints for a corps of occupation of ninety thousand men?

"I only wish that all the occupations of foreign territories be as moderate and as humane as ours. I wish that the occupation troops everywhere have the same good conduct as the troops of the Allies in the Rhineland."

I told General Allen that the unanimous and profound desire of all the French was that he would remain still a long time at Coblenz and that the American boys also remain there.

To which he replied:

"I share this wish. And I believe that all the boys share it likewise. The life they are leading here is a healthy, simple life. And it is evident that they do not dislike it, since the greatest punishment I can inflict upon them is to send them back to America by one of the transports which every month takes home the sick and discharged men.

"They are all fully conscious that they are accomplishing a duty here and that they are giving an example. They are accomplishing a duty in accompanying the American flag which, after having taken a share in the war, we have come to plant upon the Rhine, on the highest and oldest fortress of Kaiserism near the flag of the Allies. They give an example, among the foreign troops which are camping here or in the vicinity, of the moderation, good conduct, and the spirit of discipline of the American Army.

"Personally," he said in conclusion, "in my reports to the State Department, I have never ceased requesting that we may be permitted to pursue the accomplishing of this duty and to give this example; I should be infinitely happy if my request be granted."

Thus spoke General Allen. It is now up to Washington to accept or to refuse the request of General Allen and of the American boys on the Rhine. But there is one fact I cannot but help to state,

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and that is that for the first time perhaps in the military history of the world we are in presence of an army occupying a foreign territory whose maintenance there is ardently demanded by the inhabitants of the occupied territory, by the soldiers occupying the same, by the Allies, by the neutrals, by every one in general.

America may be proud to obtain such a unanimity on her troops. Happy America!

II

When, at the beginning of this month of May, the news came to Paris that America was once more taking her place in the Council of Ambassadors, in the Reparations Commission, and in the Supreme Council, a veritable wave of great joy passed over political and parliamentary circles. They were even on the verge of putting up the flags!

"This is the best news we have received for months," declared the President of the Republic, who is generally so sparing of declarations.

"Unity of the front of the Allies is re-established as it was during the war," exclaimed Mr. Raymond Poincaré in the corridors of the Senate.

And Mr. André Lefevre, former Minister of War, the head of the Opposition party at the Chamber, one of the men who have at present the greatest influence on the Deputies, was heard to say in public: "We have never had but one real ally, America. We had lost her on the road. We have just found her again."

I quote these words merely to show what an extraordinary importance every one here in France attaches to America's co-operation. I wish to insist upon the fact that those who said this had not the slightest idea of entangling America in all the complications and intrigues of Europe. They were perfectly well aware that America's co-operation can be only a moral one. They did not expect America to send over either men, ships, or money. They merely expected America to convey directions and to give advice. And they were perfectly satisfied with that.

Now that some days have passed, the joy over the American decision has not only remained unchanged but it has perhaps increased; it has become a very strong and very peaceful confidence. And this is particularly evident as regards Poland.

When Mr. Lloyd George delivered his most extraordinary and unfortunate speech recently, which was in truth a veritable attack against Poland, Prime Minister Briand exclaimed:

"All right! The Supreme Council shall decide. But there, at the Supreme Council, we shall not only be three partners to play the game, but we shall be four. And it is the fourth who will decide the question."

I saw Mr. Aristide Briand again recently, and he made no difficulty whatsoever to explain his rather enigmatic exclamation to me and to tell me what he thought.

"Poland," said he, "is not only protected by France, but she is the child of America. She owes her liberation and her birth just as much to America as she does to France. History will do President Wilson justice and say that on this point his vision was great and right. It is he who, one of the first, made the resurrection of Poland one of the peace terms, and at the Peace Conference there was never the slightest difference of opinion between the French delegation and the American delegation on the Polish question. The Americans and we walked hand in hand. This proves more than anything else that the independence of Poland is a right thing. We French people have a direct and political interest that Poland be a free and powerful state. But the Americans, what interest have they, if not one of justice? . . . Mr. Lloyd George has taken a clearly opposite attitude. He dislikes the Poles and does not hide it; this is his right. But it is perhaps not a sufficient reason to prevent the Polish nation from obtaining what is its due.

"In the interpretation of the vote of the populations in Upper Silesia two things stand out clearly: the north of Upper Silesia, where the population showed a strong majority for Germany in its votes, should go to Germany; the industrial districts of the south, where the population voted in a not less strong majority for Poland, should go to the Poles. But there is an intermediary district in which the votes were very hard pressed, where the country places had a small German majority and the mining districts a small Polish majority.

"The problem is infinitely more difficult to solve there. It must be decided according to justice, and not according to our sympathies or personal antipathies.

"It seems to me that when the tribunal of the Supreme Council will be called upon to pronounce upon this question America must take part in it, and cannot remain silent.

"Whatever be her judgment, all will bow down to it. It is a guaranty for the whole world and for the populations interested that the verdict given will absolutely be an impartial one if America takes part in pronouncing this verdict."

Thus spoke Mr. Briand. He had been one of the first to rejoice at the reentrance of Americans upon the scene of Europe; but he did not expect his joy to be so rapidly realized. No one expected it. The Polish question is one of the numerous world matters in which America can and must make her voice heard and in which she is certain to serve the interests of peace and justice merely by speaking.

(C) Keystone

GENERAL WEYGAND, MARSHAL FOCH, MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY T. ALLEN, AND STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

AMERICA, ARBITER OF THE WORLD, "SHE SHOULD DECIDE IN ALL JUSTICE ABOUT POLAND AND UPPER SILESIA," SAYS PRIME MINISTER BRIAND

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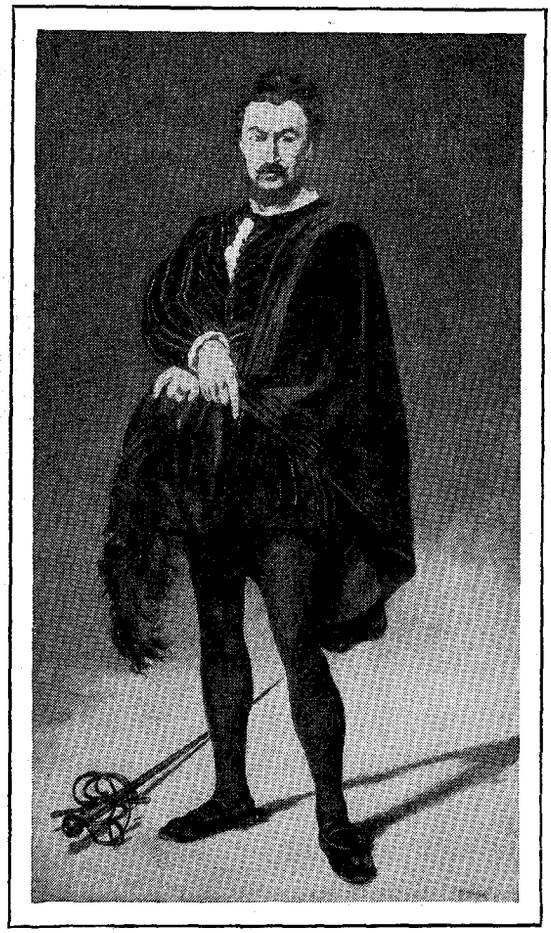
IMPRESSIONISM AND



ROUVIÈRE AS HAMLET, BY EDOUARD MANET

(Lent by Mrs. George Vanderbilt)

LADY WITH A PARASOL, BY AUGUSTE RENOIR

(Lent by Josef Stransky)

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

EXAMPLES OF THE WORK OF MASTERS
From an exhibition in the Metropolitan

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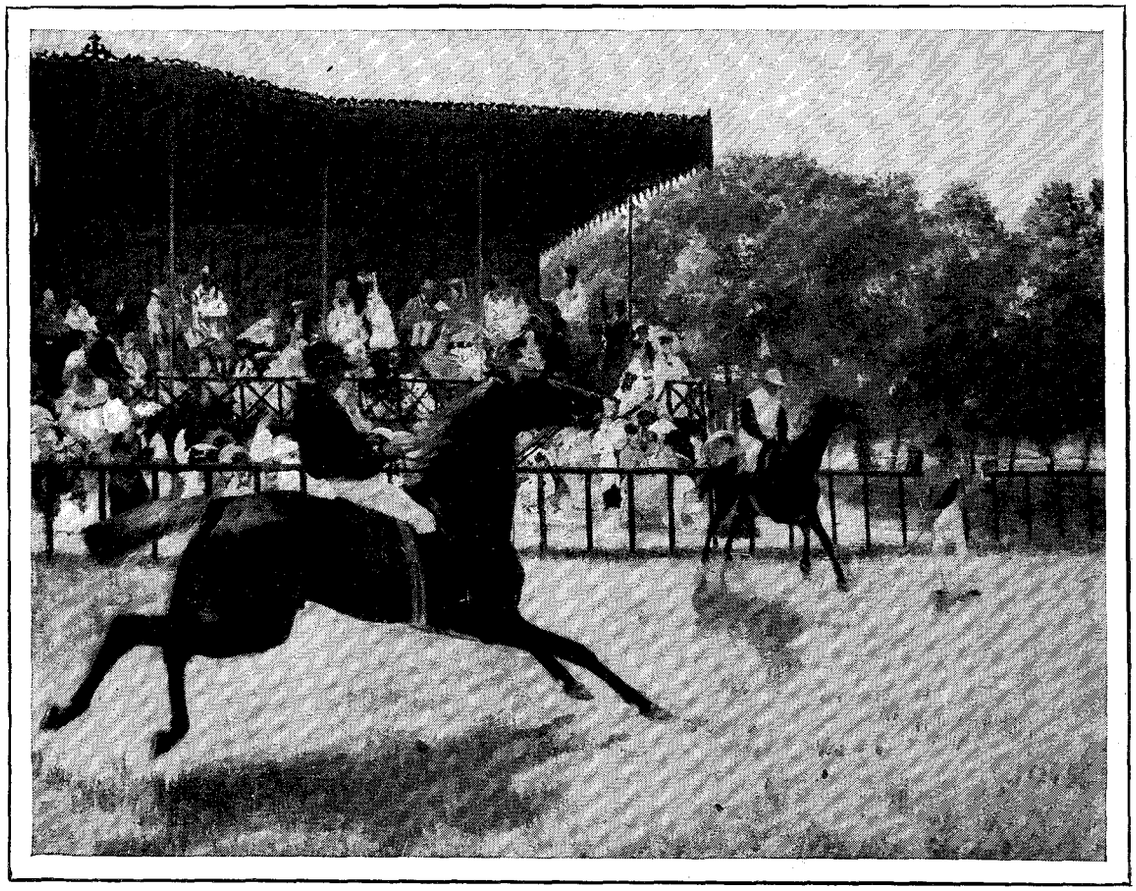
POST-IMPRESSIONISM



CHEVAUX DE COURSES, BY EDGAR DEGAS

(Anonymous lender)

PAUL CÉZANNE, SELF-PORTRAIT

(Anonymous lender)

IN TWO MODERN SCHOOLS OF PAINTING

Museum of Art, New York City

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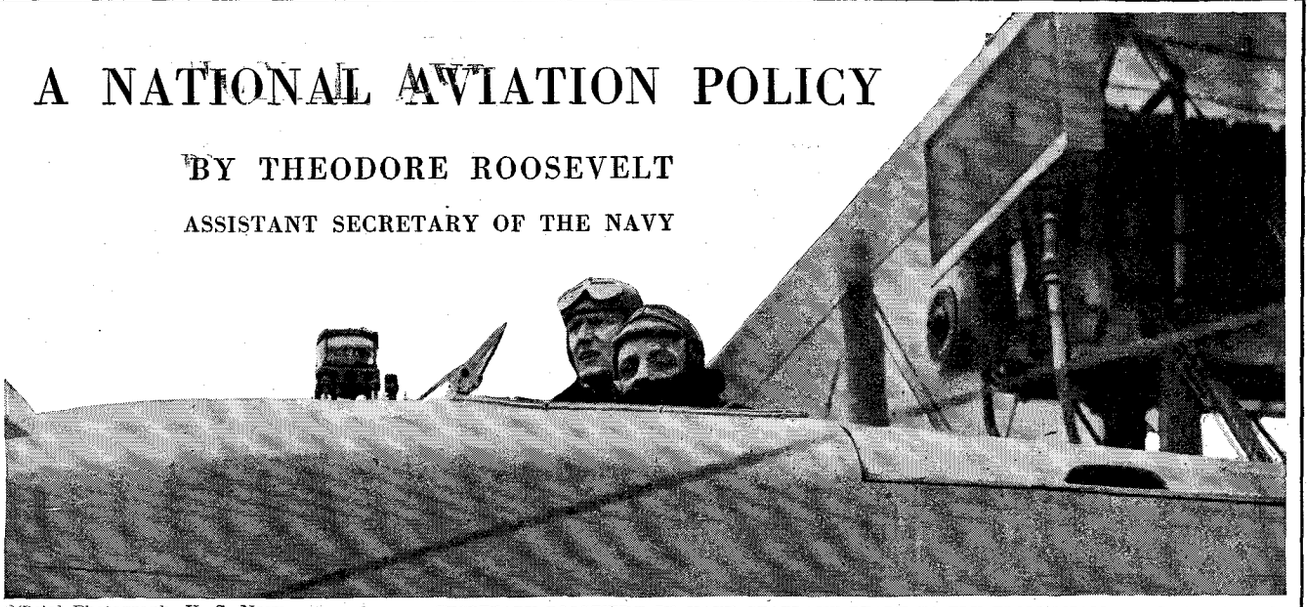
A NATIONAL AVIATION POLICY

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY



Official Photograph, U. S. Navy

SECRETARY ROOSEVELT IN NAVY SEAPLANE READY TO FLY FROM MIAMI TO GUANTANAMO

FROM time immemorial there have been but two theaters of operation for commerce and war—the water and the land. But within the last decade a heretofore undiscovered sphere has been opened up—that of the air. No nation that expects to hold its own can afford to neglect its air service. Land and water have been the means of communication up to the present time. To them in the future will be added the highways of the air. Not alone because of its military and naval value, but also because of its potential commercial value, aeronautics must be carefully studied and thoroughly developed by our country.

In all new departures, such as aeronautics, activities tend to be ill considered. In order to avoid this we must, as a first step, establish a consistent Governmental air policy. If we do not do this, we are certain to run into trouble; development will be haphazard and wasteful. We consider but one aspect of a given question, and as a result the ultimate action will often serve but one purpose where it might have served two or more.

In our big cities, especially in the East, the older streets crisscross continually and curve like fish-hooks. I can recall when I first went to Boston coming upon Beacon Street a few blocks after I had left it directly behind me, and as a result almost giving up myself as lost. The reason for this "mix-up" is that there was no city plan when these streets were laid out. They were made as the need arose; sometimes, as one poem says, merely because a cow wandered that way. Our air development will be the same unless we adopt now at its inception a comprehensive Governmental policy.

The air policy should consist of two branches—our mercantile policy and our military policy. Under these two broad heads the majority of the existing necessary activities will divide themselves. Though grouped under two heads, there should be nevertheless the closest kind of co-operation, for when war breaks, as it will in the future as surely as it has in the past, all activities will be turned to the common end of National defense.

Our country does not believe, in general, in direct subsidies. We have not held it sound for the Government to contribute in cash to mercantile ventures. We have, however, held in numerous instances that what might be termed an indirect subsidy is permissible. In our income tax we allow certain small exemptions for children and dependents, which amounts to nothing more nor less than a subsidy. Merchant shipping is indirectly subsidized by dredging harbors, building docks, maintaining a lighthouse service, storm warnings, channel buoys, radio compass stations, and safeguards and aids of a like nature. Moreover, the tariff is in its nature an indirect subsidy; for by it home industries are permitted to sell their commodities at higher prices than would be possible with the general market of the world opened unrestricted to the purchaser.

Our policy as to mercantile air development should therefore follow the line of indirect aid. We should at once map out and adopt a comprehensive system of National air highways. If we do this, we can establish them in such fashion as to be of use equally for commercial purposes in time of peace and for military purpose in time of war. We will also give to all those who desire to provide capital to establish units for air traffic the assurance that they are expending their money in places where the development is permanent, being Nationally sanctioned. Moreover, there are at this time certain Governmental departments, namely the Navy, War, and Postal, which are expending moneys on their air activities. When National highways are determined upon, these moneys will be spent along a comprehensive scheme and will not be wasted upon places later abandoned.

The Government should furthermore establish navigational aids in the shape of weather reports, fog signals, landing signals, and lighthouses and beacons along the National air highways. Government and State owned landing-fields and terminal facilities should be provided.

To handle these activities a bureau should be established by the Department of Commerce which should have under its special supervision the activities named above, and such others in addition as the licensing of pilots, manufacturers, and equipment. By placing these grouped activities in the Department of Commerce, which has cognizance of inter-State traffic, the organization already available, with few additions, can take up readily the added work involved. This may be done at a moderate cost and far-reaching results can be obtained.

Another most important step that should be taken immediately is the codification and formulation of a comprehensive code of air laws. At the present time there is little, if anything, along this line. This is essentially a Federal duty, for aircraft moves so fast that most of its work will be inter-State. The need for these laws has been felt already. At the present moment many States have under consideration, and some have already passed, regulatory statutes. Should this continue, an almost unraveled tangle will occur which will seriously impede development.

The next broad feature of our air policy is the military. There should be no united, independent air force; but, on the contrary, bureaus of aeronautics within the departments. In general, military and naval authorities are agreed on this. Generals Pershing and Wood, Admirals Coontz, Sims, and others, the General Staff of the Army, the General Board of the Navy, have all made declarations to this effect. In addition, the equivalent of this idea has been advanced by the most prominent British naval and military authorities—namely, Admirals Jellicoe and Beatty and Marshal Haig.

Though the air is a new theater of

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operations, it is not an exact parallel to the land and the sea. The land and sea touch only on their extreme limits; therefore land and naval forces do not, as a rule, function intimately, tactically, in battle. On the other hand, the air is contiguous throughout to both of the other theaters; therefore operations in it are intimately connected at all times with the operations of the land or naval forces. Where there is a naval battle with airplanes and seaplanes they are an entity of the general engagement. Where there is a land battle of the same type the same conditions exist. As this is so, the naval airships should train with the Navy in order to master naval warfare; and equally with the Army to master land warfare. The general maxim holds good that for the most effective work it is necessary to have units trained together and thoroughly familiar with each other. For this reason, I have even heard divisional commanders make the point that the divisional airplanes should be a permanent detail.

Again, for effective application of power, there must be unity of command. History has proved that a fair plan promptly conceived and actively prosecuted will triumph over a better plan tardily decided upon and half-heartedly pushed. For this reason, if for no other, there must be no division of authority.

Though there must be a separation of the military and naval air services, there must be a co-ordination between them and other Governmental activities. This at the moment is practiced by the Army and Navy, who have a joint board, called the Aeronautical Board, which discusses all plans made by either department.

We have at present the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, of which the chairman is Charles D. Walcott, President of the Smithsonian Institution and a scientist of the first order. On it, in addition to representatives of the Army and Navy, are Orville Wright, one of the brothers first to fly a heavier-than-air machine; Dr. Michael I. Pupin, Professor of Engineering, Columbia University; Dr. Charles F. Marvin, Chief of the Weather Bureau; Dr. John F. Hayford, Director of the College of Engineering, Northwestern University; Dr. William F. Durand, in charge of the Mechanical Department, Leland Stanford University; Dr. Joseph S. Ames, head of the Department of Physics, Johns Hopkins University; and Dr. L. W. Stratton, Director of the Bureau of Standards.

This Committee, under an appropriation from Congress, carries on research and experimental engineering for the aid of commercial aviation and for all of the Governmental organizations. Under the law, they hold themselves at the service of any department or agency of the Government interested in aeronautics for the furnishing of information of assistance in regard to scientific and technical matters relating to aeronautics, and in particular for the investigation and study of problems in this field with a view to their practical solution. They have been, and can be in the future, of the highest value, and the Board should be extended to embrace representatives of the postal and commercial departments.

President Harding has indicated to the country his full appreciation of the importance of our air policy in his Message. He has said, in part, as follows:

"Aviation is inseparable from either the Army or the Navy, and the Government must, in the interests of National defense, encourage its development for military and civil purposes. The encouragement of the civil development of aeronautics is especially desirable as relieving the Government largely of the expense of the development and maintenance of aircraft now almost entirely borne by the Government through appropriations for military, naval, and postal services. The air mail service is an important initial step in the direction of commercial aviation.

"I recommend the enactment of legislation establishing a bureau of aeronautics in the Navy Department to centralize the control of naval activities in aeronautics, and removing the restrictions on the personnel detailed to aviation in the Navy.

"The Army air service should be continued as a co-ordinate combatant of the Army, and its existing organization utilized in co-operation with other agencies of the Government in the establishment of National transcontinental airways and in co-operation with the States

SECRETARY ROOSEVELT AT HIS DESK AT THE NAVY DEPARTMENT

U. S. Navy Department photograph

SECRETARY ROOSEVELT BOARDS THE U. S. S. PENNSYLVANIA AT GUANTANAMO

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in the establishment of local airdromes and landing fields."

This clearly states, in unmistakable terms, the President's grasp of the problem. In compliance with his announced policies, there are at this time before Congress a number of bills, some of which will probably become law before this article is printed. Congressman Frederick C. Hicks, of New York, has submitted a bill which provides for the formation of a bureau of civil aeronautics in the Department of Commerce. The terms of the bill were made to conform with the President's recommendations.

Congressman Hicks also has introduced a bill for the creation of a bureau of aeronautics in the Department of the Navy, embracing to the letter the recommendations of the President, and there have been included in the appropriation of the army air service, aerial mail, Weather Bureau, and the various departments funds for the employment of aviation in specified and detailed activities to which aeronautics are adapted.

Great as the importance of this potential development is, we must steer a careful course and refuse to let the wild-eyed dreamers carry us to unfortunate extremes. We are dealing with problems and possibilities, and we must accept them as just that and no more. There are well-meaning visionaries among us who would treat figments of their imagination as facts and abandon the capital ship and the Navy as obsolete. Do not be deceived by them. The capital ship is still the body of the Navy, the infantry is still the body of the Army, and both will remain so. The air service is an important auxiliary arm. This type of prophet is not strange or new. We have had him with us before at the time of the invention of the Whitehead torpedo, when he prophesied in the same way that the capital ship had gone. Indeed, France, working on that assumption, abandoned the building of large ships and turned to the construction of many small ones. She, however, soon saw the error of her judgment and returned to her original programme. In the same way, the machine gun was to eliminate the infantry, but with the machine gun developed as never before it was still the infantry which won the last great land battles. The submarine has its defects as the universal naval "panacea," but the greatest exponent of its use, Admiral von Tirpitz, in his "Memoirs," published lately, says that his only regret is that he did not build more battleships.

We must face the future with foresight. We must, however, deal with facts, not fancies. We must therefore follow the President's programme and adopt a sound, comprehensive, constructive air policy which will place our country in a position to take full advantage of the development the future holds.

MASTER MINDS AT SHORT RANGE

BY FRANK DILNOT

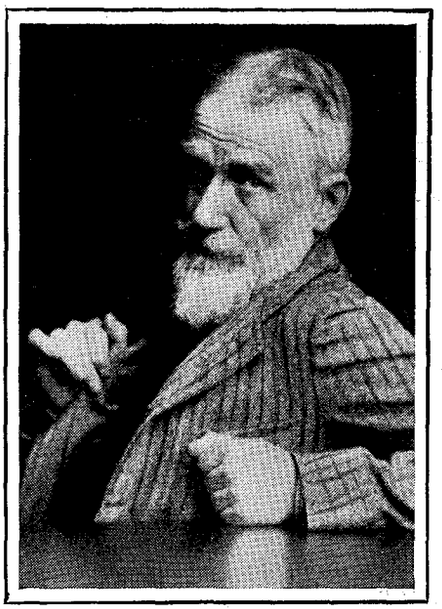
KODAK pictures of our friends are sometimes not so flattering as formal portraits, but, on the other hand, they are frequently attractive by their naturalness and unexpectedness. Snap-shots of leading personalities are pretty much the same. Occasionally they are disillusioning, but often enough they present a celebrity at a new and unexpected angle.

BERNARD SHAW, unlike some writers, reflects his writings in his conversation. He is a tall, lean man with a sandy beard turning gray, gentle quizzical eyes, and the softest voice that ever dropped bitter sayings. Audaciously aggressive in mind, he is shrinkingly apologetic in manner. He has, as all the world knows, a contempt for Shakespeare. I heard him once pour scorn on "As You Like It" and say that he himself had written a far better play. "Shakespeare," he added, "was a gentleman of my own profession, and I have nothing much to say against him. Besides, he was not entirely without ability. He occasionally wrote very decent prose."

I talked with Shaw years ago about his choice of James Corbett, the heavyweight champion of the world, as the principal actor in one of his plays which had a bearing on pugilism. "Incongruous," I said, "for you, a highbrow, to put a prize-fighter to play a leading part in one of your dramas."

"Why?" replied Shaw. "I don't see anything incongruous in it. Mr. Corbett is at the head of his profession, even as I am at the head of mine. What better combination could there be?"

Shaw's religious opinions are a matter of doubt, but he is generally accepted as an agnostic. It was in these circumstances, while I was editor of a



Paul Thompson

"BERNARD SHAW IS A TALL, LEAN MAN WITH A SANDY BEARD TURNING GRAY, GENTLE QUIZZICAL EYES, AND THE SOFTEST VOICE THAT EVER DROPPED BITTER SAYINGS"

London daily paper, that Mr. Raymond Blathwayt sent me a paragraph in which he stated he had seen Mr. Shaw joining in the singing at a Salvation Army meeting. Here is Shaw's letter to me following the publication of the paragraph:

> Sir—My friend Mr. Blathwayt, an inveterate romanticist, has spoiled the story of my singing at the Salvation meeting. I took on myself the duty of leading the singing in my box, being of opinion that hymn-singing, when the tune is a jolly one (and the Salvation Army has enough genuine religion in it to specialise in jolly hymn tunes), is a highly enjoyable, healthy and recreative exercise. Now the art of leading a choir, or an orchestra, or anything else, consists, not in being "carried away," but in carrying other people away; and this I did with such success that a young lady in the Army bonnet took my hands as we left the box at the end of the meeting, and said, with moist eyes, "We know, don't we?" And really I think we did; so I refrained from explaining to the lady that the daily papers habitually paralyse their readers with horror by describing me as an atheist, and that I would have sung just as lustily to Allah in a mosque or to Brahma in a temple if the music had been equally inspired.
>
> Mr. Blathwayt did not appreciate the story, or else he forgot it. I suspect him of considering religion as a sort of drunkenness of the soul (many Englishmen do), and therefore of misunderstanding my conviction that it is the intensest sanity and sobriety of the soul. The religion that carries people away is not my religion. My religion brings them to their senses. Hence, perhaps, its unpopularity. G. BERNARD SHAW.

LAST summer I was in Czechoslovakia as the guest of the Government, and saw some interesting things, including the formal inauguration of the new Republic. A deep impression was left on me by President Masaryk, the simple-mannered, white-haired old professor who as the head of state occupies some rooms in the great palace which used to belong to the Hapsburgs. As I listened to his modest words and looked into those calm and gentle eyes it was hard to realize that this apparently unforceful man had remolded a nation. I did

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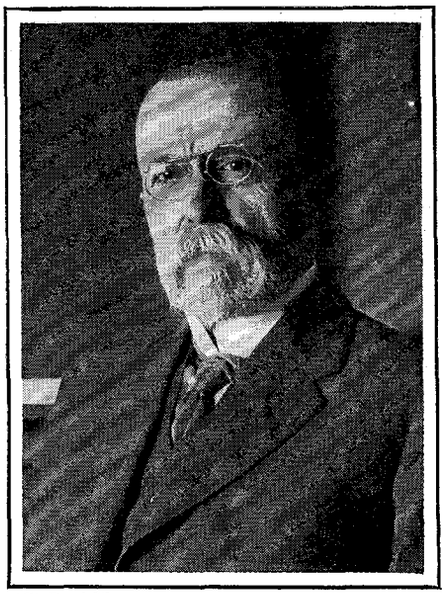


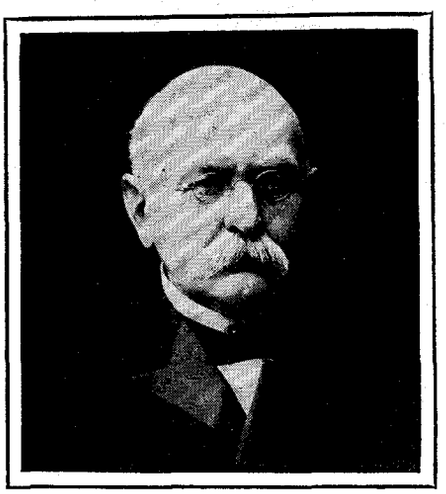
(C) Paul Thompson

"PRESIDENT MASARYK, THE SIMPLE-MANNERED, WHITE-HAIRED OLD PROFESSOR WHO AS THE HEAD OF STATE OCCUPIES SOME ROOMS IN THE GREAT PALACE WHICH USED TO BELONG TO THE HAPSBURGS"

not get his secret. I had some indication, however, of that hidden power two days later when I was present at the opening meeting of the Czechoslovakian Parliament. A minority of German members raised a tumult because of the use of the Bohemian language in place of the use of the German language, as of old. Three-quarters of the gathering were Czechoslovakian patriots, and under great provocation they sat absolutely silent even when the Germans flagrantly insulted the new President. Such good manners and wisdom were phenomenal. I asked a Czech leader about it afterward. "It was entirely due to Masaryk," he said. "He schooled us to that for the occasion, and it was just an example of the kind of man he is."

ANOTHER democratic ruler of a country whom I met during the war was Prime Minister Knudsen, of Norway, a simple-mannered old man with spectacles, who sat at a flat-topped desk in Christiania pretty much like a New York business man in his office in the Woolworth Building. Norway, heart and soul with the Allies, was sending out ships regardless of the fact that a large proportion of them were sunk by the submarines, that great numbers of Norwegian sailors were being drowned, and that Scandinavia as a whole was under the menace of Germany, then at the zenith of her power. Mr. Knudsen, with chiefs of departments at his disposal, troubled none of them, but he dived into drawers for facts and figures as he explained to me with simple businesslike illustrations that the sovereignty of Norway must be preserved at any cost, and that the people were all of one mind. This unpretentious old Norseman would have come out into the streets of Christiania to show me what was being done to safeguard the food and housing of the population under the existing pressure. Never was there in one person a more complete embodiment of the characteristics of his nation—directness, modesty, and courage.

LINKED up with Masaryk and Knudsen there is another man of a different race, namely, Milyukov, the intellectual leader of the first Russian revolution that banished Czardom forever. It may well be that out of the present chaos of Bolshevism there will presently emerge a constitutional democratic Russian Government, and, if that should be so, it is inevitable that Milyukov will play a leading part, perhaps the dominant part. I met him just before the war in Petrograd in the Duma, a studious, cultivated, modest man who had traveled much, marked by a certain self-effacement in manner and by a fervor for information, learned as he was. At that moment there must have been working in him the germs which led to the overthrow of the last of the great despotic monarchies. He radiated an inquiring sympathy as to constitutional



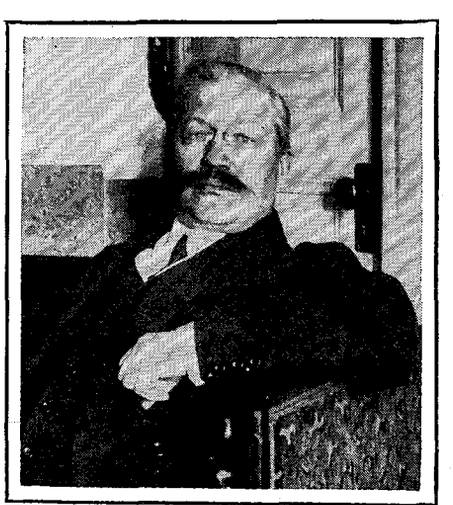
Paul Thompson

"ANOTHER DEMOCRATIC RULER OF A COUNTRY WHOM I MET DURING THE WAR WAS PRIME MINISTER KNUDSEN, OF NORWAY, A SIMPLE-MANNERED OLD MAN WITH SPECTACLES"

methods in America and Britain and, like many other strangers, had a tremendous regard for both their modes and moods. Little wonder, in view of all that had happened in Russia, the home of tyranny and oppression. It was within a few days of meeting Milyukov that I came in touch with a man who personified the mediævalism of his country—Dournovo, Minister of the Interior, practically the domestic ruler of Russia during the massacres and banishments which followed the uprisings some few years previous. He was iron-handed. Meetings of workers in the streets were corralled and were shot down with cold-blooded precision. Schoolrooms in Warsaw and other places where these tragedies had been enacted had been previously pointed out to me. I saw Dournovo at a dinner given to distinguished English guests in Petrograd, and, knowing that he was to be one of the speakers, I wondered what he could possibly find in common with representatives of modern democratic methods. He was a little squat-faced man. His cold eyes and straight mouth portrayed his physical courage, and to those who knew his history he represented not so much the sixteenth century as the twelfth century. His little speech was a dramatic surprise. That man of blood and steel said that he derived much of his rest and recreation from the reading of the placid domestic English novel with its portrayal of home life, peace, and happiness. It may have been an idle compliment. I fancy, however, that there was more than a grain of truth in his words, so strangely compacted is the human soul. I have mentioned Dournovo because the day of him and his like are past, at least for this generation. He provides some kind of contrast to the men who are now in control of affairs.

A MODERN unofficial leader in England is Lord Northcliffe, a self-made man, the owner of a hundred publications from the famous London "Times" down to a comic journal for boys. At once brilliant, erratic, and sincere, his mind and his mood are as elusive as the seven winds of heaven. His personality is infinitely more interesting than his policy, whatever the latter may be for the moment. Picture a square-faced man with mouth drooping at the corners, a lock of tawny hair falling over his square forehead, and with eyes that fluctuate between a sinister gloom and a boyish exuberance. It is far easier for him to bubble over with enthusiasm than to be the harsh and dogmatic critic that he sometimes is. Only those who have never met Lord Northcliffe voice hatred toward him. He has a quick, sympathetic, youthful unreserve which attracts both men and women. Stories necessarily cluster around such a man, especially when he has made himself into a multi-millionaire.

He used frequently to be in the editorial rooms of the "Daily Mail" when the men were at work at night, and



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"MILYUKOV, THE INTELLECTUAL LEADER OF THE FIRST RUSSIAN REVOLUTION THAT BANISHED CZARDOM FOREVER"

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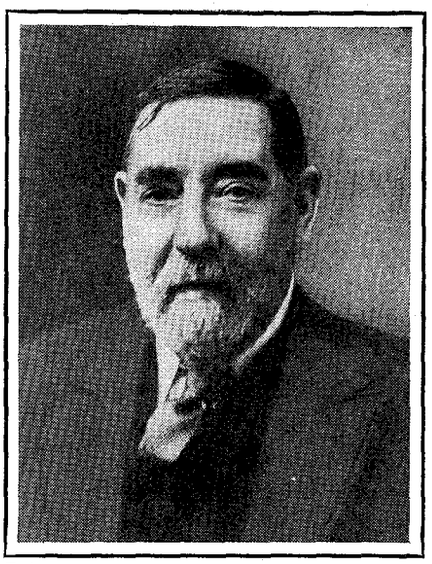


Bain

"WILL CROOKS, . . . A COCKNEY WITH A BIG BLACK BEARD AND DEVOID OF AITCHES, A SINCERE AND MUCH-LOVED MAN"

when the mood was on him he would have little conversations with the junior members of the staff who were at work at their desks. On one occasion he stopped at the desk of a young fellow fresh from college who had not long been in the office.

"Do you like the work?" asked Lord Northcliffe in a kindly way.

"Yes," was the reply. "I like it quite well."

"How much money are you getting?"

"Five pounds a week," the man replied.

"And are you happy and contented?"

The young man made the only possible reply. "Thoroughly," said he.

"You are!" snapped Lord Northcliffe. "Well, remember, then, I want no man happy and contented in this firm at five pounds a week."

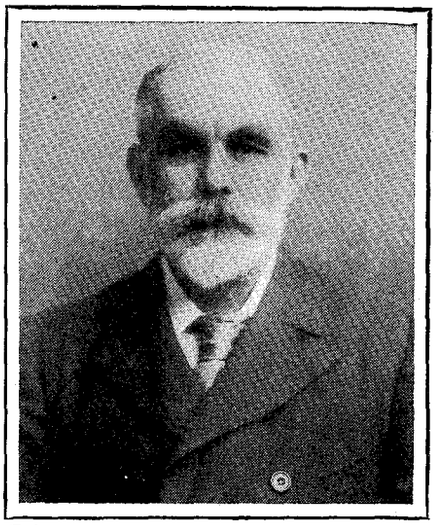
A reporter who had been but a short time with the "Daily Mail" died suddenly after an operation for appendicitis. He left a wife and one little child. Lord Northcliffe called a board meeting the day after the man's death, and within twenty-four hours a sum of a thousand pounds had been invested for the wife. One day Lord Northcliffe ascended from his own rooms on the main floor to the offices of one of his principal papers, bringing in his hand a clipping from an evening paper which set forth how in a country village an automobile had knocked down and killed a child and had sped on its way regardless. The car could not be traced. He gave instructions that every measure of publicity should be engaged in finding out the identity of the car. The story was written up in dramatic form. An offer of one hundred pounds was made for any one who could give facts as to the ownership of the car, and the best investigating journalist on the staff was sent down to the country to probe matters. The almost malicious glee of the other papers in Fleet Street may be imagined when it was found out through the instrumentality of Lord Northcliffe's papers that the car in question belonged to his brother, Hildebrand Harmsworth, having been taken out unknown to its owner by the chauffeur. Of course there was no more prominence in the Northcliffe papers about the matter, although rival journals did not forget to emphasize the story, including the offer of a hundred pounds reward. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that Mr. Hildebrand Harmsworth, a very kindly man, was deeply shocked at the discovery and did all that a generous expenditure of money could do to meet the loss of the bereaved parents. It was two weeks later that a murder mystery engaged the principal attention of the London papers. A murdered girl had been flung out of a train in a tunnel a few miles from London. The murderer could not be discovered. There was a consultation of departmental chiefs in Lord Northcliffe's office on the matter. Among other suggestions put forward was that a reward of a hundred pounds be offered for evidence. "A hundred pounds reward," said Lord Northcliffe, thoughtfully. "But where was my brother Hildebrand on that night?"

Bain

"LORD NORTHCLIFFE, A SELF-MADE MAN. . . . AT ONCE BRILLIANT, ERRATIC, AND SINCERE, HIS MIND AND HIS MOOD ARE AS ELUSIVE AS THE SEVEN WINDS OF HEAVEN"

KINGS have no longer any ruling power in a first-class nation. A little incident in which the King of England figured last year may be told in connection with the new spirit of affairs. Will Crooks,[1] a Labor member of Parliament, a cockney with a big black beard and devoid of aitches, a sincere and much-loved man, as remote from highbrow Socialists as from hide-bound Conservatives, was among the fashionable crowd of guests at the royal garden party. The King got him into conversation.

[1] As this issue of The Outlook goes to press a cable despatch from England reports the death of Will Crooks. He was forced to resign his seat in Parliament early this year owing to sickness. It is said that his health was broken in 1917 when he witnessed the destruction, by a German air bomb, of a school-building filled with little children. He was born in 1852.



Bain

"JOHN BURNS, THE FIRST REAL LABOR LEADER THAT BRITAIN EVER HAD, AND PROBABLY THE ONLY MAN OF REAL GENIUS UP TO THE PRESENT TIME IN THE BRITISH LABOR MOVEMENT"

Will Crooks talked as freely to his monarch as he would to a follower in the East End of London. Both men were soon deep in the troublous times which were upon England. The King plainly showed his anxiety about the future. Will Crooks, who is the most sympathetic soul in the world, tried to reassure the King as they shook hands in good-by: "Now, look here, old chap, don't you go worrying about things; everything is going to turn out all right, old fellow." There is cause for a little speculation in what must have been the mental attitude of the nobles and dignitaries clustered round as they observed the familiarity. But what the King thought of it is best expressed by the fact that before the next garden party he and the Queen together sent a special letter to Will Crooks and his wife, saying how much they wanted them to be present.

THERE is some talk of John Burns reentering public life—John Burns, the first real Labor leader that Britain ever had, and probably the only man of real genius up to the present time in the British Labor Movement. I have known him for twenty years, and have enjoyed him as much in private as in public. He is a forceful, sincere egotist with a gift of pithy phrase and a splendid voice. A mutual friend thought it would be interesting to bring him in touch with Theodore Roosevelt when the latter was in England, for he knew that in vigor, humor, and individual power the two men had something in common. As a result they were introduced and spent some little time together. Afterward the mutual friend, with expectancy of a dual admiration, sought the opinion of each. Burns gave a grunt of disgust. "I've no use for this Roosevelt," he said, "I couldn't get a word in edgeways!" The mutual friend saw Roosevelt a few days later and asked him his opinion of Burns. Roosevelt made a

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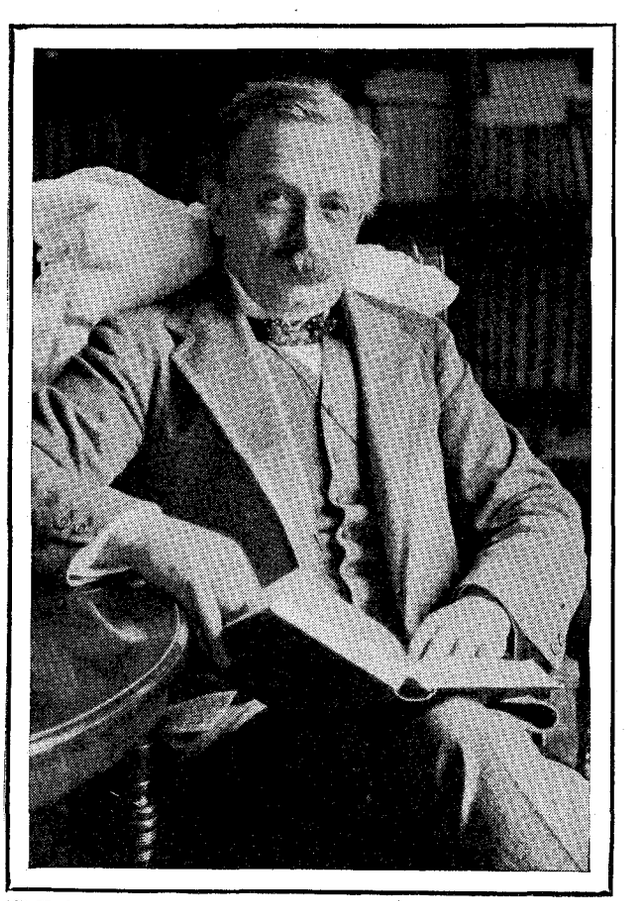
fierce gesture of contempt. "The man's a talking hyena!" he said.

WOMEN are bursting in on men's domain everywhere. Who would have imagined a few years ago that the first woman to take her seat in the British Parliament would be an American-born citizen? Lady Astor is already an eminent figure in public affairs. I remember seeing her take her seat in the House of Commons, a little figure, at once demure and alert, and showing no indication in her complacent self-confidence that she was making history and breaking a rule of centuries. She broke another rule before she had been in the House a week. It has been the custom for generations that a member, by placing his hat or card on a seat, could retain that seat for the rest of the sitting. Lady Astor came in one day, saw a vacant place, and took it. The member to whom it belonged entered a little later and found the custom of the ages had been violated by this transatlantic member. For two outraged seconds he stood like a man in a trance. Then he bowed to Lady Astor, who regarded him quizzically, and passed on to find a place on the back bench. Lady Astor will have many companions probably after the next election, but by virtue of priority she will be more or less the leader. Almost certainly one of her colleagues will be Miss Cristobal Pankhurst, so well known with her mother as a suffrage leader in the days when women were fighting to get the vote. Miss Pankhurst, probably the best woman speaker in England, will always remain in my mind by virtue of a retort I once heard her make at a public meeting. It was at a time when the suffragettes were very unpopular and they were subjected to all kinds of insulting interruptions. At the close of her address Miss Pankhurst asked for questions, and a man rose at the back of the hall and said, sneeringly, "Is it not a fact that, in spite of all you have said about the equality of women, that you really and truly wish you were a man?" "Don't you wish you were?" exclaimed Miss Pankhurst. She will certainly add to the enlivenment of Parliament which Lady Astor has already introduced.

Paul Thompson

"WHO WOULD HAVE IMAGINED A FEW YEARS AGO THAT THE FIRST WOMAN TO TAKE HER SEAT IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT WOULD BE AN AMERICAN-BORN CITIZEN? LADY ASTOR IS ALREADY AN EMINENT FIGURE IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS"

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, however much one may agree or disagree with his plans and policies, is incontestably full of interest as a man. His personality from



(C) Underwood

"MR. LLOYD GEORGE . . . FOR GOOD OR EVIL HE PUTS THINGS THROUGH. HE IS A CONTRADICTORY, TANTALIZING KIND OF PERSON, A WORLD FIGURE WITH MORE POWER IN HIS OWN COUNTRY THAN ANY MAN HAS POSSESSED SINCE OLIVER CROMWELL"

(C) Keystone

"IN THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE MRS. LLOYD GEORGE IS SUPREME. IN HER PRETTY SMILE AND KINDLY HUMOROUS TALK YOU STILL GET A REFLECTION OF MAGGIE OWEN, THE FASCINATING GIRL WHOM LLOYD GEORGE WOOED AND WON ON A WELSH FARM THIRTY YEARS AGO"

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the time he risked his life in opposition to the Boer War has always been underrated by his opponents. The fact has continually given him an initial advantage. His rhetoric covers a cold brain, and if I were asked to sum him up in a short phrase I should say that for good or evil he puts things through. He is a contradictory, tantalizing kind of person, a world figure with more power in his own country than any man has possessed since Oliver Cromwell. He is nevertheless at close quarters an extremely genial, fun-loving man who delights in good stories, who can on occasions look very serious as he listens to ponderous highbrows, but who has secret contempt for words, however thoughtful and beautiful, if they are not backed up by effective action. It is a strange thing to say about a man with such undoubted gifts of oratory as are possessed by the British Prime Minister, but it is a fact, as his friends and his shrewder enemies will testify, that, while the newspaper readers in all countries picture him as the strong or wily or provocative statesman of set purposes and big policies, those who have met him in the flesh retain a picture of him less true in general design but far more living. They see him as a twinkling-eyed man, a trifle knock-kneed, utterly unassuming in his personal relationships, devoid of the so-called dignity which has hedged in statesmen of the past, a man considerably concerned about the weather of the next week-end for golf. In other words, he is a very mixed human kind of individual. In the rush of world affairs in which he takes so large a part I like to think of him as insisting on having apple pie for his tea every Sunday afternoon, as he used to do when a young fellow in his Welsh village.

His hair has become snow-white during the war, but his eyes are as bright and lively as ever, and I was told by a Cabinet Minister recently that of all the Ministers at Downing Street he, with the greatest load of responsibility, remains the brightest and strongest and the livest of all those who sit round the council table.

I remember the impression I had of him just before the war, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and when he was likely to be overwhelmed by the strong protest as a result of a measure taking away powers that the House of Lords had held for over eight hundred years. He had remodeled the financial system of the country, and he was laying out further big projects. As I sat talking in his library at Downing Street his little daughter, Megan, then at a fashionable ladies' school, was at his side, her hand deep in his long hair. "What's the next big plan you have afoot?" I asked. He paused for a moment as he pulled his daughter's ear. "It's a serious undertaking. I propose a grave and momentous measure. Nothing less than one which takes away the six weeks' school holidays that little girls get in the summer." It was at this point that Megan shook her father violently by the shoulder.

In the domestic circle Mrs. Lloyd George is supreme. In her pretty smile and kindly humorous talk you still get a reflection of Maggie Owen, the fascinating girl whom Lloyd George wooed and won on a Welsh farm thirty years ago. The dinner table rings with lively exchanges when only intimates and members of the family are present. Some of these conversations with the comments on public men and public matters, could they but be published, would be of vaster interest just at present than the great current works of literature.

Lloyd George derived much of his early power from his ready wit. Many examples of it are current. He had plenty of opportunities of exercising it when he was the focal point of so much animosity. He was jeered at for his polity, for his lowly upbringing, for his profession, even for his physical appearance. He is not a very big man. Once a raucous objector shouted at him in the middle of a meeting, "What does a little Welsh attorney know about it? You little five foot six of nothing!"

"Ah, that must have been an Englishman," said Lloyd George. "In Wales we measure a man from his chin up."

Gusts of humor as well as gusts of passion are still eddying round the little Welsh wizard. They will till the end of the chapter.

DETROIT CLOSE-HAULED

IMPRESSIONS AT RANDOM

BY NEWTON A. FUESSLE

If there was ever a city that faced adversities gamely, it is Detroit. Rome and Chicago were burned, San Francisco was shaken to pieces by an earthquake,[1] Rheims was shelled. But Detroit had to quit building motor cars, and that was a calamity that the most melancholy patron of the erstwhile Pontchartrain bar had never contemplated. Neither a flood nor a fire could have annoyed Detroit more. To stop building cars was unthinkable.

Late the other night in the smoking compartment of a Michigan Central train that was pulling out of Chicago's Twelfth Street station a man with the unmistakable air of a motor magnate handed another an extensive cigar and began to renew an old friendship. He described the rise and decline of his business and was presently boasting that he had recently achieved the distinction of walking into his bank and borrowing $100,000. When the loan had been effected, the banker turned to the borrower and asked whether he had written his epitaph. The other shook his head.

"Well," continued the banker, "your epitaph ought to read: 'Here lies —— ——. He borrowed $100,000 from a bank in 1921.'"

Before the train had reached Englewood the one with the air of a motor magnate had struck the other for a job—which is a sample of what has been happening to Detroit.

One unhappy day last fall when the lake fogs lay like a wet blanket over the city, Detroit discovered that her motor industry was gradually ebbing away. Production rapidly declined from bad to worse. Factories were shut down completely. Hamtramck found itself hamstrung. In the last week of December Detroit's so-called employment curve ceased curving altogether, unbent itself into a straight and sinister line, and took a high dive that carried it close to the bottom of the industrial stream. In her industrial prime Detroit had had fully 200,000 workers on her various pay-rolls. But she began the present year with jobs for only about one person out of every ten who had formerly been employed. And with 175,000 out of her 200,000 employees bewildered and out of work Detroit gamely started to dig herself out.

This is the story of Detroit's comeback. For the first time in her glistening history Detroit is close-hauled. The easy-going looseness of her structure, the flowing freedom of the garments of this buoyant young goddess of the Middle West, are no longer in evidence. Do the metaphors appear to be mixed? Well, Detroit mixes her metaphors these days instead of her drinks. Go to Detroit and see if you can think in anything but mixed metaphors. A curious confusion reigns. Detroit has been tapped on the temple and still goes along in a sort of daze. She used to have so many motor cars that she had to park them diagonally along the curbs; but the lines of cars that used to be parked on Woodward Avenue have been noticeably thinned out. She now parks her cars in almost every available empty lot; they are for sale with all manner of astonishing bargain prices painted on their wind-shields. You can walk in and get almost any kind of used, second-hand, rebuilt, or renewed car you want, pay down almost anything you like, and pay the rest when and how you please. On Jefferson Avenue, where clerks and mechanics used to drive their own cars, you will now see a string of Fifth Avenue busses.

[1] Bang! Now we've lost all our San Francisco subscribers.—The Editors.

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But if Detroit no longer rides in its own private cars, Detroit still rides. It is surprising to see how many Detroiters ride on the Coney Island devices that have appeared on Jefferson Avenue near the Boulevard. It is said that any number of big motor car men are stockholders in the various amusement park ventures. If necessary, they propose to sell pleasure transportation on wooden horses at fifteen cents a ride instead of in limousines at heaven only knows how much per mile.

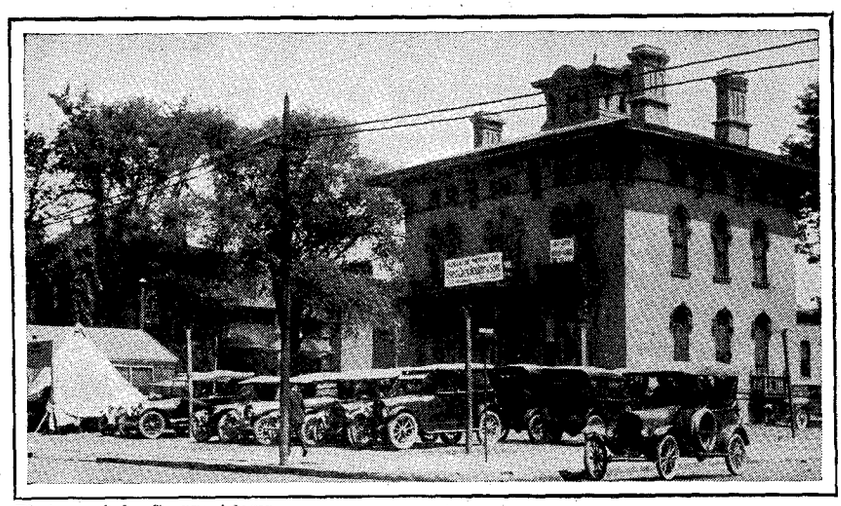
It was three years since I had been in Detroit, and these changes were more astonishing than the sight of Detroit's palatial new newspaper plant, the new Orchestra Hall, the Woodward Hotel, and the absence of the Pontchartrain, torn down to make room for the new home of the First and Old Detroit National Bank. No Detroiter had the heart to wreck the famous landmark, so the bank turned the job over to John J. O'Connor, a slim but courageous young fellow from Chicago, then one of the vice-presidents or something, and now manager of the finance department of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

Detroit is probably dancing less these days than she has ever danced before. The city which invented the slogan, "Where life is worth living," and then lived up to it, goes about with a strangely thoughtful look, and it isn't occasioned entirely by the fact that Ontario, Canada, just across the river, has voted to go dry.

The lobby of the Statler no longer looks like a convention of advertising representatives, for Detroit's manufacturers are buying substantially less space in advertising mediums in which to state the virtues of their wares, and incidentally the Statler bar is presided over by barmaids serving crackers and milk.

If the late Harry Ford, whose brief career glowed so brilliantly in Detroit motor circles, and who laid down his life in captain's uniform, could return to his old haunts, he would find Detroit strangely altered. W. C. Durant has abandoned control of General Motors, and has organized the Durant Corporation. Important changes are said to be taking place in numerous organizations. Lee Councilman is a motion picture nabob in New York. Lee Olwell and Charlie Steele occupy desks in Wall Street. Even C. R. Lester, for years technical manager of Packard, has vanished from Detroit and has gone into business in Cleveland. Ralph Estep's golden English no longer illuminates motor car advertising; he was killed in battle during the World War, and one of his husky cubs, Arthur Kudner by name, is ably carrying on some of the Estep writing jobs.

A delightful sample of the new Detroit in action is the headquarters of Theodore F. McManus, Inc., the noted advertising agency. Mr. McManus and his associate, Lee Anderson, unable to find the sort of offices they wanted downtown, smote all precedents in the head and bought a brown-stone mansion in the residential Hancock Avenue, where they are now doing business.



Photograph by George Adams

"DETROIT NOW PARKS HER CARS IN ALMOST EVERY AVAILABLE EMPTY LOT; THEY ARE FOR SALE WITH . . . BARGAIN PRICES PAINTED ON THEIR WIND-SHIELDS"

Detroit was dazed but not downed when she entered 1921 with a scant 25,000 workers on the job. By the end of January nearly 40,000 were back at their machines. By the end of February more than 50,000 were again drawing pay and turning out cars; by the end of March nearly 90,000, and at the close of April more than 100,000 Detroiters were again doing happy time in the factories.

On June 1, Detroit factories again employed 170,000 workers, or sixty per cent of the number employed a year ago. But the month of May showed a decrease of about 4,000.

The city that put power-driven wheels under the Allied armies, that designed and built the Liberty motor for airplanes, has now discovered how to turn out more work than ever before with less effort. Detroit is close-hauled. I am indebted to Roy D. Chapin, President of the Hudson Motor Company, for the expressive phrase. She is taking back only the best of her former employees, and straw-bosses who used to stand about and supervise are now operating machines. An intensified efficiency has taken hold of Detroit.

Hugh Chalmers, who burst upon Detroit as a boy wonder from Dayton, tells me that Chalmers cars are again coming through at sixty-five per cent of capacity. His hair is turning gray, but he has as much of the old fire as ever.

Henry M. Leland, President of the Lincoln Motor Company, and the Nestor of the automobile industry, in an exclusive statement to The Outlook, describes Detroit's return to normalcy:

> The best information now available indicates that Detroit is approaching a condition of normal business activity.
>
> Spring is always the big buying season for automobiles, but two reasons may be cited to support the view that present activity will prove more than seasonable.
>
> First, business conditions are changing the country over from very depressed to continuously improving. As general business thus betters itself the demand for Detroit's typical product should increase in a manner to offset, at least in part, the usual seasonal falling off in demand.
>
> Second, the country as a whole was at a business standstill largely because no one had had the courage to start something. The automobile manufacturers broke the ice, and as their product calls for contributions from every craft, their activity may prove to have been the start toward much better business conditions. It is well recognized that the automobile led the way to renewed activity in 1919.
>
> For several weeks past the employment statement shows an increase of over six thousand men each week among the membership of the Employers' Association. The total number of men employed by our members was 112,852 on May 1. These figures register accurately the improvement in the motor-car industry. Some of the largest factories are now producing more than sixty per cent of the output attained at the height of the post-war demand.

Edward S. Jordan, President of the Jordan Motor Car Company, declares:

"Our own reduction in price which was made the first of May increased our production five times within the thirty-day period. This reduction in price was made possible by the liquidation of all inventory, improved labor efficiency, and our ability to buy new materials on a definite quantity basis at new prices. It is a noticeable fact that whenever lower prices are offered to the public by any manufacturer, there has been a marked increase in sales."

During the month of April alone 27,188 Detroit unemployed were taken back to work, an extraordinary number when it is considered that during April in the country as a whole only 43,368 men were re-employed. Chicago stood second on the list with a record of 3,098 men re-employed.

It is reported that sixty of the big Detroit plants have resumed full-time schedules and that only nineteen are now working part time.

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THE BOOK TABLE

PORTIONS OF SPIRIT

SIX REVIEWS BY LYMAN ABBOTT

IT is very difficult for any one to give a fair summary of an opinion which he regards as fundamentally erroneous. Instead, therefore, of reporting Professor Bacon's interpretation of Jesus and Paul,[1] I put here in a paragraph my own, which is at almost every point directly opposite to Professor Bacon's. I think it clear from the Gospel narrative that Jesus came out from the wilderness after pondering his life problem with a clearly defined belief that he was the Messiah promised by the ancient prophets and with a clear conception that his mission was to be accomplished by no startling display of divine miraculous power, but solely by spiritual forces, operating from within the souls of men; that he never changed or modified that conception, though it may have grown clearer, and doubtless the kind of opposition he would encounter did grow clearer to him; that in his first recorded sermon in the synagogue at Nazareth he publicly intimated his faith in his own mission and in the universality of the kingdom of God; that in his parables, notably those in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew, he explained the nature of the kingdom as a gradual, spiritual development, in contrast with the prevailing Jewish conception of its sudden and miraculous appearance in that generation; that he never taught directly or by implication that his Father required any expiation or sacrifice or blood-shedding as a condition of forgiveness of sin; that his teaching, both by words and by life, was wholly inconsistent with that which was the prevalent Jewish idea of his time; and that, while Paul in his letter to the Romans uses some of the phraseology of the Pharisees, he uses it solely for the purpose of getting behind their iron-clad armor that he might supplant the notion that religion is a painful and scrupulous obedience to law with the truth that it is a free acceptance of a life freely given, and supplant the notion that the righteousness of God must be appeased or satisfied before he can forgive with the truth that God's righteousness freely rightens all those who desire to possess his holy character, that he is a forgiving, helping, healing God to all who put their trust in him.

This understanding is fundamentally and at every point in opposition to that of Professor Bacon; but I have put it so often and in so many different forms before the readers of The Outlook and so recently in a narrative of personal experience in the little book "What Christianity Means to Me," that I need not here further define or restate the grounds on which it rests.

[1] Jesus and Paul. By Benjamin W. Bacon. Lectures given at Manchester College, Oxford, 1920. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Dr. Holland[2] was a canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. He was apparently a High Churchman and certainly an active social reformer; was one of the founders of the Christian Social Union, the object of which was "to study in common how to apply the moral truths and principles of Christianity to the social and economic difficulties of the present time." Mr. Paget thinks him a great man, but fails to give the reader adequate grounds for that opinion. In his preface he definitely declines to "appraise his [Holland's] theological and political teaching." Yet some basis for such appraisal is just what the reader wants—and fails to get. How did Canon Holland differ in theology from Lightfoot or Liddon or Keble; how in sociology from Kingsley or Maurice or Morris? A page and a half of bibliography show Canon Holland to have made considerable contributions to the religious literature of his time. But the reader is left without any valuation of this literature or any information as to its spirit and character. The "Memoirs" will be valuable chiefly to those who already know Canon Holland as a writer and desire to add to that knowledge some information concerning him as a citizen, friend, and familiar correspondent.

The author of "The Age of the Reformation,"[3] like his father, Henry Preserved Smith, is temperamentally a scholar, by which I mean that he is a partisan of the truth; and a partisan of the truth can never be satisfactory to any other partisan. No religious controversialist will be satisfied with this volume, which is characterized by the same painstaking research and the same endeavor to give judicially both sides of hotly debated questions which are characteristic of the author's interesting Life of Martin Luther. Luther is not portrayed as a demigod nor the Pope as a demi-devil. The portrait of Henry VIII of England is quite different from that painted by Froude in his "History of England," though there is a family likeness; but the argument by which Henry's defenders sought to justify his divorce from Catherine is given briefly but fairly. The author has no apologies to make for the sale of indulgences, but he is able to report with fairness the apologies which were made for them. I do not think he gives sufficient credit to John Calvin's contribution by his doctrine of divine sovereignty to the doctrine of human liberty, for historically and philosophically the two are inseparable; but he does make it clear that the burning of Servetus was due more to the age in which John Calvin lived and to the theological school to which he belonged than to John Calvin personally. The Reformation throughout is treated as something more than a mere theological controversy, or even a mere religious revolution; it was "the beginning of a new season in the world's great year." I do not know where will be found in so small a compass so comprehensive a statement of the forces, spiritual, intellectual, and economic, which contributed to prepare for and to produce the great awakening as is contained in the first chapters of this book. The sketches of individuals, which are a feature of the volume, are both vivid and judicial. And throughout religion is assumed to be more than either a theology or a form of piety and the Reformation to be more than a change in either ecclesiastical forms or theological thoughts. Thus one chapter is devoted to "Social Conditions," another to "The Capitalistic Revolution," and still another to the various interpretations of the Reformation by the various and contradictory schools of thought. This largeness of view and this judicial spirit are the distinguishing characteristics of a volume which future teachers, whether of religious or secular development, cannot afford to ignore.

[2] Henry Scott Holland: Memoirs and Letters. Edited by Stephen Paget. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

[3] The Age of the Reformation. By Preserved Smith. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $5.

Mr. Bridgman's book[4] is a source of much valuable information about the influence of New England and New Englanders upon the life of the world. It must have required both a careful collection of an immense amount of historical and not easily acquired material and a wise selection from the material so acquired. It traces in considerable detail the migrations of New Englanders, who have continued their fathers' pilgrimage, not only into all the Northwestern States of the Union, so as to make their influence felt as a dominating influence from Boston to San Francisco and Portland, Oregon, but also into Hawaii, Japan, China, India, the Near East, and Micronesia. Mr. Bridgman interprets well the nature of this influence in a single sentence: "The New England dynamic will continue to be a mighty power in the world as long as New England men keep open the channel between themselves and God." But he does not merely give a general interpretation; he illustrates and enforces it by thumb-nail biographical sketches, and these are in turn illustrated by sixteen portraits.

It is well worth while for the Western thinker to attempt to get in touch with Oriental thought, and Tagore is a useful teacher for that purpose. Contact is not easy; not because the thoughts are so different, but because the thinking is so different. The Westerner reasons; the Easterner states. The one arrives at conclusions; the other reports

[4] New England in the Life of the World. By Howard A. Bridgman. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. $4.

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experiences. Sometimes these reports receive our instant assent; sometimes our instant dissent. For example, we find on page 8: "We truly meet God, when we come to Him with our offerings and not with our wants." This absolutely contradicts Christian experience. We never get so near to God as when we come to him with our *spiritual* wants, as the child never gets so near his mother as when he comes to her with his sorrow for comfort, or his weariness and apathy for inspiration. On page 9 we find: "God's world is given to us, and when we offer our world to God then the gift is realized." That is a statement of the joy of possessing by consecrating, of acquiring by giving, which is worth remembering and meditating on. Tagore's "Thought Relics" [5] are not processes, nor even conclusions; they are prose poems; paragraphs simply; few of them cover a page. To be understood it is as prose poems they must be read.

Mr. Douglas's volume [6] is not a story with a moral, but a moral in a story. A minister who is preaching to a small and eminently respectable congregation in a large church is invited to a birthday dinner with a college classmate; meets there three successful men—a manufacturer, a doctor, and an editor; is inspired with a new spirit of energy, enterprise, and initiative, and goes home to put into his business the spirit which they put into theirs and to employ much the same sort of methods. It is a good book for ministers to read, because a spirit of energy, enterprise, and initiative is a good spirit for ministers to acquire. But to imitate the Rev. Dr. Preston Blue's methods and expect from the methods the Rev. Dr. Preston Blue's success would be a great mistake. Mere imitation rarely achieves a great success, and never in any form of industry which requires spiritual power. And methods which are employed by one minister in one community with good results may, when employed by a minister of a different temperament and in a different community, be fatal to results. I commend the book for inspiration but not for imitation. I add that the minister who makes his legitimate desire for a great congregation his main motive power makes a fatal mistake.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

REVOLUTION. By J. D. Beresford. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

Mr. Beresford's novel was written before the collapse of the threats of the industrial revolution in Great Britain involved in the plan of a "Triple Alliance" strike of railway, mining, and transportation workers. That collapse was due, so the London "Spectator" declares, to the fact that the workers realized that they were citizens first and union men second. This is quite in line with the results of the revolution of this novel, in which the ruthless plot of industrial anarchists breaks down because the masses of laborers on the land and outside the big factories want peace and quiet. The story is not a tract, but a series of vivid, dramatic scenes and exciting incidents.

RED FLOWERS. By Francis Haffkine Snow. Boni & Liveright, N. Y. $1.50.

An unusual and faithful pen picture in fiction form of Russia from an American who knows the country well. It abounds in startling situations and in sharply accented character sketching.

TEATRO. By Pedro Calderôn de la Barca. "Saturnino Calleja," S.A., Madrid.

TEATRO. By Lope de Vega. "Saturnino Calleja," S.A., Madrid.

EL CONDE LUCANOR. By Don Juan Manuel. "Saturnino Calléja," S.A., Madrid.

BELARMINO Y APOLONIO. By Ramôn Pérez de Ayala. "Saturnino Calleja," S.A., Madrid.

Many Spanish books are models of publication, and these volumes are no exception. It is pleasant for the reader of classical Spanish to have his Calderón and his Lope de Vega in the very handy pocket edition in which the earlier "El Conde Lucanor" appears, with its convenient little lexicon, desirable for readers who might balk at mediæval Spanish. Larger in form but equally light to the hand is the curious novel by Ramón Pérez de Ayala. With these books the lover of Spanish is already armed with a good library.

WHITE WOLF (THE). By Elmer R. Gregor. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.75.

A romantic tale of Indian life in the old days. The wars between Delawares and Mohawks recall Cooper's Pathfinder tales. Indian legends and mystic lore are interwoven with the narrative.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

NOTES ON LIFE AND LETTERS. By Joseph Conrad. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $1.90.

Many of these bits of journalism from the pen of a great novelist are slight, but some are written with distinction and none are trivial. There is a capital paper about books as "part and parcel of humanity," several acute appreciations of writers (Daudet, Henry James, Turgenev, and others), a few colorful talks about the sea writers, and—best of all to our liking—his "Poland Revisited," a delightful and semi-humorous account of Mr. Conrad's visit to his childhood home near Cracow. With innocent unconsciousness he undertook the journey with his family just as the storm of the World War was about to break. In some ways this book gets us closer to Mr. Conrad's remarkable personality than anything he has written.

LES CAHIERS BRITANNIQUES ET AMÉRICAINS. Traduits et édités par Cecil Georges Bazile. Bazile, Paris.

The publisher of "Cahiers Britanniques et Américains" has the excellent idea of making English and American contemporary literature better known in France. He has already published a considerable number of little volumes comprising selections from Hardy, Meredith, Bret Harte, Stephen Leacock, Lord Dunsany, and others. The latest number to reach us contains a translation of three of ex-President Wilson's essays, prefaced by a very illuminating Introduction in French by Mr. Theodore Stanton. He shows that Mr. Wilson's literary models have been Britons, among them Addison, Dr. Johnson, Gibbon, Wordsworth, Carlyle, above all Burke; and that the ex-President loves to recall his descent from Robert Woodrow, the famous historian and Scotch Presbyterian ecclesiastic of the seventeenth century.

BIOGRAPHY

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS AND COMPANY: A HISTORY. By B. G. du Pont. With Illustrations. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

The founder of the great business concern described was a friend of Talleyrand, Lafayette, Franklin, and Jefferson. In 1793 he came to this country. For many decades, therefore, his great company has been intimately connected with every critical period in our history. The volume is one of unusual interest.

MAKING OF HERBERT HOOVER (THE). By Rose Wilder Lane. The Century Company, New York. $3.50.

If any present-day, much-talked-of person seems matter of fact and unemotional, it is Herbert Hoover. He, we are sure, must be somewhat amazed at reading this extremely emotional and high-keyed biography of himself. It seems undeservedly melodramatic. The reader will also weary of the great amount of detail, particularly with regard to private matters.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

ISLAND OF FAITH (THE). By Margaret E. Sangster. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.

PEOPLE. By Pierre Hamp. Translated by James Whitall. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York. $2.

PRINCESS SALOME. A Tale of the Days of Camel-Bells. By Burris Jenkins. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $2.

SON OF THE HIDALGOS (A). By Ricardo Leon. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $1.75.

YELLOW HORDE (THE). By Hal G. Evarts. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.75.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

HUMAN TRAITS AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE. By Irwin Edman, Ph.D. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

POST-BIBLICAL HEBREW LITERATURE. By B. Halper. The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia. $2.50.

SHEPHERD OF THE SEA (THE), AND OTHER SERMONS. By W. L. Watkinson, D.D. Introduction by S. Parkes Cadman. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.

SWORD OR THE CROSS (THE). By Kirby Page. The Christian Century Press, Chicago. $1.20.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

UNITED STATES AND CANADA (THE). A Political Study. By George M. Wrong. The Abingdon Press, New York.

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[5] Thought Relics. By Rabindranath Tagore. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

[6] Wanted—A Congregation. By Lloyd C. Douglas. The Christian Century Press, Chicago.

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

A National Aviation Policy

ELSEWHERE in this issue of The Outlook Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, discusses the important problem of a National aviation policy for the United States.

On page 288 Mr. Roosevelt says that "our country does not believe, in general, in direct subsidies." What are direct subsidies? Has the National Government ever directly subsidized commercial activities of any sort? Do any other governments believe in direct subsidies? If so, what are they subsidizing, and with what results?

Despite the fact that our history shows that the American people do not believe in direct subsidies, would it nevertheless be well for the Federal Government to subsidize aviation directly?

The Assistant Secretary of the Navy tells us that all new departures of importance in this country tend to be ill considered. Can you show by definite illustrations that the history of American democracy upholds Mr. Roosevelt in his conviction?

Is the airplane essentially and wholly an American invention? When and by whom was the first actually controlled flight in a power-driven heavier-than-air airplane made?

In your opinion, which was the most revolutionary contribution to the science of war, gunpowder or aircraft? What are your reasons?

Define the following terms: *Aeronautics, inter-State traffic, contiguous, combatant, figments.*

Here are four interesting and valuable books to read in connection with this topic: "Aircraft in War and Commerce," by W. H. Berry (Doran); "The Way of the Eagle," by Major Charles J. Biddle Scribners); "Aircraft and Submarines," by Willis J. Abbot (Putnams); "Aircraft," by Evan J. David (Scribners).

Master Minds at Short Range

Is George Bernard Shaw a Socialist? What are some of his social and political teachings? What are his best-known plays?

What is your explanation of Bernard Shaw's opinion of Shakespeare? How would you try to prove to Mr. Shaw that he should give up his contempt for Shakespeare?

In America Lord Northcliffe has frequently been compared to William Randolph Hearst. Are there any facts which would tend to justify this comparison?

What is the story of the rise to power in British politics of Lloyd George? What has he had to depend upon to make his career? Was it wealth, education, social position, or what?

Premier Lloyd George has been called one of the chief social architects of England. In what respects has England been transformed into a social democracy since 1906? What part has Lloyd George played in this transformation process?

If you were to write an article on "Master Minds at Short Range," confining your paper entirely to living Americans, whom would you write about? What are some of the things you would say about each?

Can you name forty representative living Americans?

Do men make the times in which they live, or do the times make the men?

Of what value is the study of biography?

Is it our duty to study the lives of men and women still living? What are your reasons?

You should read the following references without fail: Pages 324–381 of "Modern and Contemporary European History," by J. S. Shapiro (Houghton Mifflin); the chapter on "Democratic Britain" in "Europe 1789–1920," by E. R. Turner (Doubleday, Page); Chapter XII in "Democracy at the Crossways," by F. J. C. Hernshaw (Macmillan); "The Making of Modern England," by Gilbert Slater (Houghton Mifflin); "Famous Living Americans," edited by M. G. and E. L. Webb (Charles Webb & Co., Greencastle, Ind.).

Detroit Close-Hauled

What does Mr. Fuessle mean by saying that Detroit is close-hauled? How did it come to be such?

What are the fundamental reasons why so many men and women are out of work in Detroit and elsewhere in the United States? Does not the world stand in need of the product of the labor of those that are now unemployed?

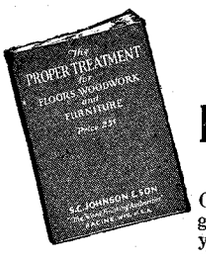
What sound and practicable suggestions can you make that would improve business conditions? What leads you to believe that they are sound suggestions? That they are practicable?

We are told that prices are so high as to discourage buyers and rates so high as to discourage traffic, and that lowering prices and traffic rates will encourage business. Why are not prices lowered and traffic rates cut down?

Do you see any lesson in Detroit's experience for American cities in general?

Define accurately the following terms: *Melancholy, erstwhile, hamstrung, epitaph, liquidate, inventory, metaphors, normalcy.*

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.



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